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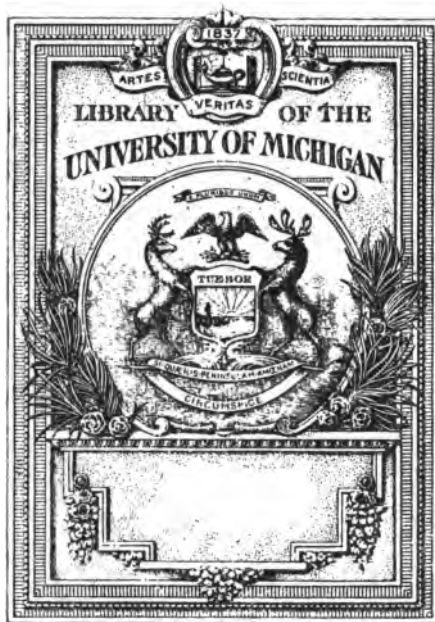
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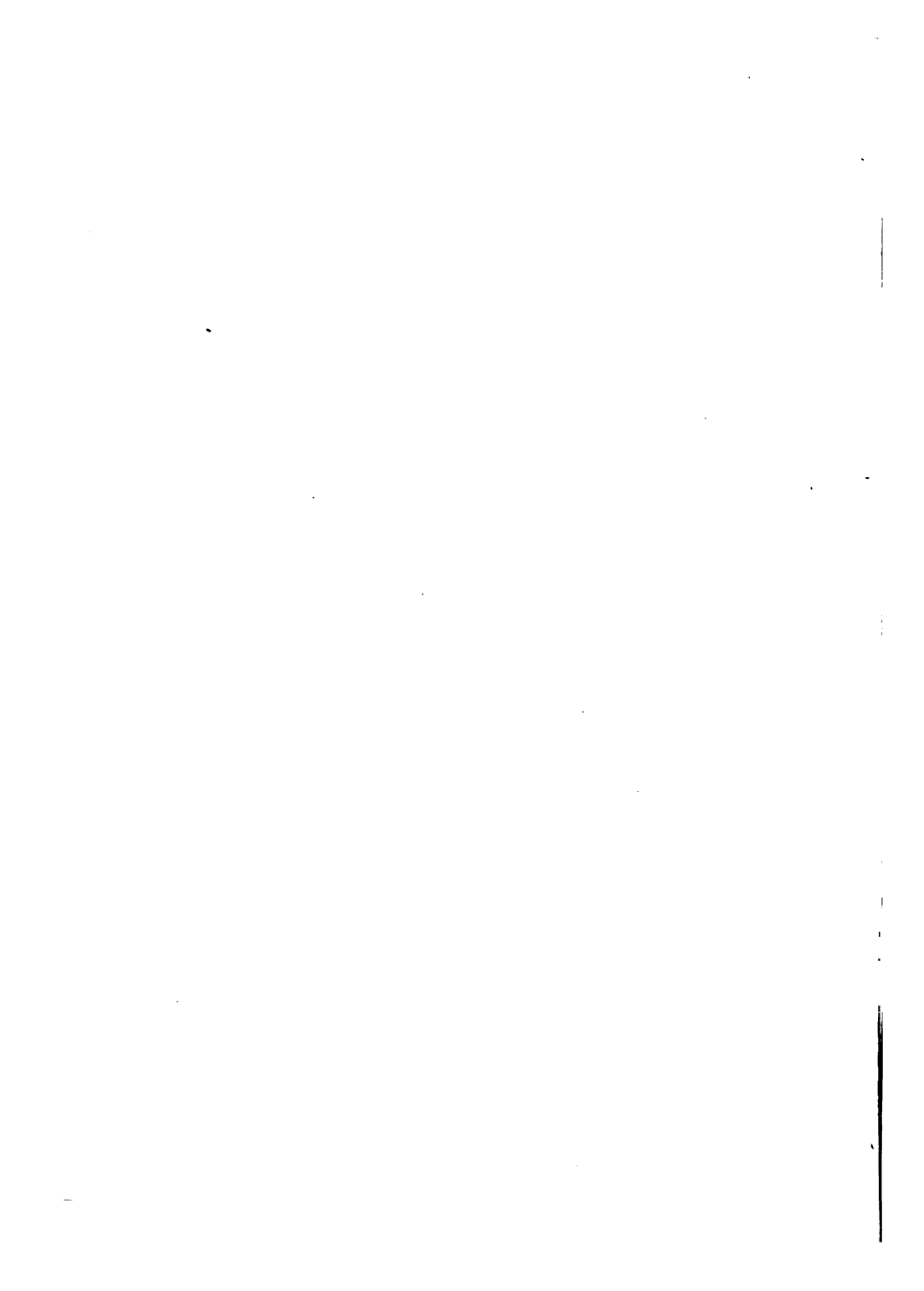
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COMPLETE IN HIM



BY
ELIZABETH CARY KRATZER

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INTRODUCTION

AMONG human beings there are two sides to their experiences of religion, the intellectual side, and what is commonly called the emotional side. God is approached both through the intellect and through the feelings. On neither side can the approach be perfect without perfection of approach on the other side: for God cannot be perfectly loved until He is perfectly known; and He cannot be perfectly known without being perfectly loved, for God is Love. Therefore, humanity has never attained perfection, or anything like it, in its religious experiences and activities.

Although religion cannot be perfect in feeling without perfection on the intellectual side, and *vice versa*, yet in the experience of a given human being one of these phases of religious activity may be distinctly predominant. As a matter of fact, up to the present, this predominance has been distinctly marked along sex lines. Men have been disposed to approach and experience religion on the intellectual side, while women have been more given to ap-

proaching and experiencing it through the feelings. For the most part, in preceding centuries, men have been the formulators and shapers of theologies; but in times of intellectual unrest and doubt, men as a class have been the ones to fall away from the churches and from vital interest in religion, because, if their intellects were not satisfied, there was little in their religious experience to hold them. On the other hand, in times of intellectual unrest and religious doubt, women have been comparatively little disturbed, and they have stayed by the churches and maintained their interest in religion because their religious experience is largely on the intuitive and inspirational side, being, therefore, little affected by lack of complete understanding.

With the further advance of religious investigation, religion has assumed, through Christian Science, a definiteness and completeness of intellectual statement which is rendering it capable of appealing to the entire range of the mental faculties in both men and women.

This book does not attempt to explain Christian Science, but presents an application of the Principle of Christian Science, along the line of the perfect balance above suggested, to the problems pertaining to sex, which are often the most difficult to solve, and

thus introduces what is, doubtless, the only possible real solution of the sex problem.

For a fuller knowledge of Christian Science as the philosophy of life, the reader is referred to "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy. It was this Science which led the author, Mrs. Kratzer, to consider and attempt to solve the problem treated in this book.

G. A. K.

TEXTS FOR THE BOOK

"Ye are COMPLETE IN HIM which is the head of all principal-
ity and power."
—Colossians 2:10.

"Unto every one of us is given grace according to the meas-
ure of the gift of Christ . . . till we all come in the unity
of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a
perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness
of Christ."
—Ephesians 4:7, 13.

"Science and Health makes it plain to all Christian Scien-
tists that the manhood and womanhood of God have already
been revealed in a degree through Christ Jesus and Christian
Science, His two witnesses. What remains to lead on the
centuries and reveal my successor, is man in the image and
likeness of the Father-Mother God, man the generic term for
mankind."

—Mary Baker Eddy, in the Christian Science Sentinel, May 23,
1901.

"Judge not the future advancement of Christian Science by
the steps already taken, lest you yourself be condemned for
failing to take the first step."

—Science and Health, page 459.

"Look long enough and you see male and female one—sex
or gender eliminated—and the name man meaning woman as
well, and the universe, all included in one infinite Mind, and
reflected in the intelligent compound idea, image or likeness
called man, showing forth the infinite divine Principle, called
God, wedded to the Lamb—pledged to innocence, purity, per-
fection."

—Mary Baker Eddy, in the Christian Science Journal, April,
1905.

COMPLETE IN HIM

CHAPTER I

CAPE COD

IT was a beautiful midsummer day on Massachusetts' Cape Cod coast. A cool breeze was gently stirring the leaves of the trees near the spacious veranda where Mrs. Ellsworth and her daughter Nan were sitting, watching the boats in the harbor at a little distance as they tossed to and fro at their moorings. Across the harbor, three miles away, could be seen the lighthouse on the point of a narrow strip of land. Beyond this was Cape Cod Bay, stretching away as far as the eye could see. Fleecy clouds flitted across the sky like great sea-gulls.

Nan Ellsworth strongly resembled her mother. Her complexion had the same clear tint, and her eyes were of the same shade of blue which harmonized so well with the wealth of auburn hair which she coiled low on her neck.

She sat quietly thinking for some time, while her mother read intermittently. Presently she broke the silence: "Mother, dear, do you remember my speaking of Louise Maynard, a college friend? I

believe I will invite her down here for the month of August, if I may. Louise looked so miserably tired out the last of the college year that I really pitied her. I know you have been very sweet about my having the other girls here this summer, and one more or less will not count, will it?" Nan looked at her mother questioningly, while she placed her arm lovingly about her.

Mrs. Ellsworth had always striven to cultivate unselfishness in her daughter, and, touched by this appeal, she said, after a moment's consideration: "You may have her come if you like, dear. I think the change would probably do her good."

Nan bent over her mother and tenderly kissed her, then turning quickly she went into the library to write to Louise.

The Ellsworths were a wealthy New England family who spent their summers on Cape Cod, at Grayton Beach, a small village on the north shore of the Cape. The members of the family were able to trace their ancestry back to the Pilgrim fathers, but were not as conservative and puritanical as this fact would lead one to expect, for they were progressively and hospitably inclined. They had ideas of life more like those of Western people. Their home was always open to visitors, and they invari-

ably made their guests feel welcome. Nan was the only child.

The house, which sat back from the street some distance, was a large, old, frame building, which had been remodeled by the present generation of Ellsworths, who, loving the old place, had built broad verandas on the north and east sides of the house, which faced the harbor. Over the south entrance a *porte cochere* had been built to accommodate the many visitors who came in automobiles. Though the trees almost shielded the house from view, one could, by looking down the driveway from the veranda, see some distance into the village.

Entering the house from the front, one found one's self in a large living room, with a broad open stairway leading to the second floor. To the right was the parlor opening on to the veranda, and north of this were the library and dining room.

After having finished her letter to Louise, Nan rang for the chauffeur to carry it to the office, as there were but two mails a day to the city, and, having planned to have Louise spend the month of August with her, she could hardly wait for her to come.

Louise Maynard was a beautiful, vivacious, attractive girl, with dark hair and soft brown eyes.

She was ambitious, and had been working her way through college, with only a little assistance from her maiden aunt, with whom she made her home in Boston when not in college. Louise had not entered college until she was twenty. At the close of her junior year she had broken down with nervous exhaustion, apparently from hard study, and was barely able to finish the year's work. When she returned home, her physician had advised her not to go back to college for at least a year, which was a great disappointment to her. While keenly alert and in possession of all her mental faculties, she could not read or concentrate her thought for any considerable length of time without feeling much distress, and she would become extremely despondent at times, although she was naturally of a bright and cheerful disposition. Both her father and mother were refined and highly educated, but they had died when Louise was a mere child.

Nan Ellsworth had recognized the worth of Louise in college, and greatly admired the girl for her womanly qualities and for her excellence in scholarship, but, as she came to know her better, she found that Louise exhibited a mixture of qualities. On the one side she had an accumulation of philosophical ideas, a deep religious sense, high ideals, and was an

earnest student of the Bible, while on the other side of her nature the girl was an unmitigated flirt, and always had several young men following in her train. Her friends could hardly reconcile two dispositions so utterly unlike. It was as though the two elements within her struggled for supremacy, and one seemed sometimes to dominate, and sometimes the other. Indeed, she herself had been conscious of a constant struggle between desire and duty. Her feelings were swayed by a passion that she could not understand; but her reason came to the rescue and held her emotions, and the activities prompted by them, partially in check. One controlling desire had been to gain the admiration and love of men, to the point of their absolute surrender. Her reason would not permit her to marry any man that she could so completely control. If she were to marry, she told herself, it must be a man who was too strong to be controlled by her to such an extent, and because she had never found such a man, she had refused all offers of marriage.

The morning after the foregoing conversation between Nan and her mother, Louise received the following brief letter:

GRAYTON BEACH, MASSACHUSETTS.

Dear Louise:—

We are having a most delightful time here at the beach. Two of the college girls are spending the summer with me, Grace Kennedy and Katherine Boynton, and mother extends an invitation to you to visit us during August. Come and stay the whole month if you like. You looked so ill the last time I saw you that I could hardly bear the thought of your remaining in the city all summer, and I am so fond of you, dear, I would just love to have you come.

The letter dropped upon the table, unfinished. The idea of spending four weeks with her friend at this beautiful, quiet summer-resort filled her heart with joy. Recovering somewhat from her surprise, she picked up the letter and continued to read:

Charlie St. Clair will be here much of the time. He has his yacht in the harbor when he is not sailing along the Maine coast, which is a favorite cruising ground with him.

Pack your trunk and come along, just as you are; you need make no elaborate preparations, as this is not a fashionable resort. Grayton is a restful, quaint old town, and we dress just as we like. Shall we expect you Thursday, on the noon train? You will

find a jolly lot of girls awaiting you at the station.
Do not disappoint us.

Your loving friend,
NAN ELLSWORTH.

July twenty-ninth.

It did not take long for Louise, after reading the letter to her aunt, to decide that she would accept the invitation. She immediately began preparations for the journey. The Thursday morning train for the Cape carried her among its passengers. As the train reached Buzzards Bay, Louise was conscious of a delightful change of atmosphere, from being hot and close to a cool and refreshing ocean breeze, and enjoyed the remainder of the trip.

As the train pulled into the station at Grayton, Grace Kennedy called out, "There she is!" and the girls bounded down the platform toward the rear car.

"Hello, girls!" called Louise from the car window, and in a moment she found herself in their embrace, almost as though it were a single arm that surrounded her.

"You are real game, Louise, to come on such short notice. It is so stupid and uninteresting to plan 'way ahead for things, and then just as like as not

be disappointed," said her hostess, as they walked toward the automobile which was awaiting them on the farther side of the station.

Louise was well acquainted with the two college girls who were visiting Nan, and was quite a favorite with them. "How jolly it is to be with you, girls," she exclaimed, "and how dear of you to invite me," she added, turning toward Nan, with an appreciative look.

"I am a wee bit afraid that it was not from wholly unselfish motives, for we all so enjoy your company and dearly love to have you with us"; and, saying this, Nan drew Louise close to her side. "Why should we forever be trying to give a reason for what we do?" she continued. "Why can't we be contented just to feel satisfied? And yet, there is always something within us asking for a reason." Then, looking far off over the bay, she added: "There, in the distance, at the left of the pier, is Charlie's yacht. We shall probably go for a sail tomorrow."

In the Spring before the events of this story, Nan had become engaged to Charlie St. Clair, a fine young man, and sole heir of a wealthy banker and broker, a financier of some note in the business world. Louise knew of the engagement, as it had been announced in the early Summer; so she quickly

exclaimed, with much enthusiasm: "Oh, that will be great fun; I shall enjoy it hugely."

As they dashed down the shady street, arched by old elm trees, they could see in the distance, to the right, the Ellsworth villa or summer home. It was a spacious old place, situated in a grove of oaks, back on a bluff overlooking the Bay. The auto turned in and wound its way up the drive to the *porte cochere*, where Mrs. Ellsworth came out to welcome the newcomer.

"This is Louise Maynard, mother dear," said Nan, as they alighted. "And this is my dear little mother, Louise," as she led her friend to her mother.

"How sweet of you to open your home to me with such extended hospitality, and how prompt I am in accepting the invitation! But things move so rapidly nowadays that if one does not seize an opportunity at once, it is gone; so I have schooled myself to move quickly,—in other words, not to be bound to ruts, or to habits, or material bondage. When I find any set of material conditions, or any person, becoming indispensable to my happiness, I make a change in my surroundings. So I did not find it very difficult to make this change on short notice. I hope I shall not become so attached to anything here that it would mar my happiness to be without it."

Then Nan led the way through the living room and up the broad, open stairway to her own beautiful, light room, the large windows of which gave a long, sweeping view of the harbor.

"Charlie will be here to dinner this evening," remarked Nan. "He is such a dear, splendid fellow, and such a lover of the ocean, that I almost wonder how he can be satisfied with such a stay-at-home as I am. It almost kills me to be separated from my mother, even for him, but I suppose I shall outgrow this sense in time."

"No doubt," replied Louise. "I had to be weaned from my mother early in life, when I was but a mere child, and I can hardly understand what it is to be attached to any one."

Just then luncheon was called, and the girls, after making a hasty toilet, gathered in the dining room. This room opened out upon the large veranda, from which could be obtained an excellent view of the harbor, the small islands, and the bay beyond.

After luncheon was over, one of the girls strolled into the parlor and began playing some familiar college songs, while the others joined in singing from the veranda, where they had taken seats.

As Nan looked in the direction of the yacht, she said: "Charlie has invited us to take a cruise for a

week or more while you are here, Louise; but I had rather not go on such a long trip, as I fear the water, and it seems so dreadful to be away on the ocean without mother."

"Do you enjoy the water, Louise?" queried Katharine, who was especially fond of sailing.

"Yes, indeed; sailing on it seems to speak to me of man's control over all things, even the restless sea. I love the woods and all out-of-doors," replied Louise, as she drew a deep breath, as if trying to breathe in all out-of-doors at once.

"Suppose we go for a stroll," suggested Nan. "There is a beautiful grove west of the house."

As the day drew to a close, after having spent the greater part of the afternoon in the woods, talking about college days, the girls went to their rooms to dress for dinner.

Nan was called below on the arrival of Charlie, who had brought with him a friend. As she entered the drawing room, Charlie said: "My dear, I want you to meet Mr. Bradley. You have heard me speak often of 'Ray Brad.' He has come down from the City to spend a week or two with me on the yacht."

Nan greeted Mr. Bradley most cordially, and, as he was a guest of Charlie's, she invited him to remain to dinner.

"Bradley is a college chum," continued Charlie. "We have been friends for a number of years; so I hope that you and your mother will consent that we make him one of the family, and waive all social formality."

"I fear that my unannounced coming is an intrusion," apologized Mr. Bradley, "but St. Clair and I have been good friends so long, I drop in upon him at any time that I find it possible to get away from the City. He insisted upon my coming here with him this evening."

"Oh, you need make no apology, Mr. Bradley; Charlie's friends are also mine," replied Nan. Then the three fell into a lively conversation, as though she had known Mr. Bradley all her life.

As the time for dinner drew near, Nan called the girls to come to the drawing room to meet the newcomer. As Louise came down the broad stairway that led into the living room, she saw, seated near the center table of the adjoining room, a tall, dark-eyed, magnetic young man, and as he looked up their eyes met. Her eyes flashed into his quickly, and as quickly fell. The color swiftly deepened in her oval cheeks. As she entered, Nan stepped forward at once, saying, "Miss Maynard, I want you to meet Mr. Bradley. He is a college friend of Charlie's."

Louise gracefully advanced with extended hand. At once he became fascinated by the tall, lithe, graceful figure and the beautiful face. Her dark silken hair swept in heavy waves about her forehead and was caught up by a high tortoise-shell comb. A soft color, like a peach bloom, brightened her cheeks, and her large, dark eyes shone like stars beneath the broad, white brow. The dainty head was poised upon a slender, graceful neck, while her short sleeves displayed the dimpling beauty of her bare arms.

After acknowledging the introduction to Mr. Bradley, she turned and greeted Mr. St. Clair, having met him on several former occasions.

Louise was peculiarly magnetic with men, and would thrill them by the touch of her hand, or even the glance of her eye, but she had learned to some extent that her power over them was not a wholesome thing, although she did not understand why. She liked the power, and had, on occasions, exercised it largely. It had been her aim, in time past, to see how soon after meeting a young man she could weave this mental and partly physical influence about him and bring him to her feet. A day had been her shortest record for a conquest of this sort, and, sooner or later, nearly all young men who became acquainted with her would yield completely to her

coquetry. She loved to feel the force of their wooing, and played with them as a cat would play with a mouse; but deep in her own consciousness she felt that there was something wrong in it all, the result being that, after having trifled with a man's affections, she would be wretched and miserable for days at a time,—not that she wished it different, for she prided herself on this powerful sway over men,—but it would leave her nervous and despondent, having gained no permanent satisfaction for herself. She could not restrain herself from this coquetry; it seemed to be a part of her. She had wondered what the power was, but could not explain it. It was a feeling—that was all; it had no meaning. It wasn't love; no, that was not it. It might be what the world calls love, but it was not what she knew love to be; for that is purely mental, attaching itself to deeds of kindness and noble mental qualities. Real love turns involuntarily to God, she had often said to herself. It goes out to the poor and needy; it forgets itself in a desire to lift humanity above its sordid selfishness and sin; it binds up the broken-hearted. She knew that this power which she possessed did not bind up the broken-hearted, for its chief work was to cause broken hearts, and was centered on furthering her

pleasure at any cost. What, then, was its origin? Who made it? What was its purpose? Where did it come from? These were questions which she often put to herself, but had never answered.

When her eyes met those of the newcomer, the old familiar thrill drove itself through her to the tips of her fingers, and she knew within herself that he had recognized her power, for he had shown a response to the very roots of his black hair.

Raymond Bradley was tall and handsome, with clear complexion, frank, open countenance, and strong, pronounced, though not angular, features, which were of a decidedly intellectual type. He had broad shoulders, fine hands, and tapering fingers. He was attractive to women and was fond of them, though he said he had never been in love; but Louise seemed to captivate him at once.

Grace and Katharine came down the stairway soon after Louise, and in turn were introduced to Mr. Bradley. Just then, Mrs. Ellsworth came in, saying, as she heard the tap of the bell in the dining room, "Come, Nan, I will lead the way, so that I may seat you all at the table. Father will be in directly, and he never wants to wait after dinner is served."

"This is a rule of the house which we all soon learn," said Grace, as she passed into the dining room, "to be prompt at meals."

"Miss Maynard may sit at my right, Mr. Bradley next, and Charles at my left; the other girls may take their accustomed places, next to Mr. Ellsworth."

"And Nan, of course, will sit by Charles," said Grace, in a teasing manner.

"Why, Grace," spoke up Nan, "I will sit anywhere you like, so that I am not excluded from the room." All joined in the laugh which followed, and the meal proceeded with delightful informality.

When dinner was finished and they had all returned to the parlor, the girls were called upon to play and sing. Louise played one of her romping, spirited selections,—one which well expressed her own emotions,—and she put her whole soul into its execution, eliciting much applause. After such an effort on her part, would often come a sense of exhaustion, from which it would take days to recover her strength, or it would act like a stimulant for the time being and the collapse would come some days later,—but this was not understood by the onlookers. Even Nan could not understand it, though Louise had told her that such was often the case.

Mr. Bradley showed Louise no little attention

during the evening, and it was observed by all, particularly by Mr. St. Clair; for he liked Louise and thought it might be well for Ray to become interested in her.

CHAPTER II

A YACHT TRIP

THE following morning, the girls, having been invited for a short sail in Mr. St. Clair's yacht, were busily preparing for the day's outing. Nan was in the kitchen, overseeing the preparation of the luncheon. Kate burst into Grace's room, where Louise was dressing, exclaiming, "What a dandy fellow Mr. Bradley is! He is so refined and gentlemanly, and such a clever entertainer. Did you ever see such splendid eyes? So deep, and soulful! as though they were windows through which one might read the very depths of his nature, and in return he would read you through and through!"

"Now, look here, Kate," said Grace, "you are getting on dangerous ground. Some one may have a mortgage on those eyes, and you must not trespass. Don't you know what the Good Book says about coveting your neighbor's property?"

"Oh, well, anyone can admire things without wishing to possess them, can they not? He is too plainly infatuated with Louise to be in danger of

temptation from me," said Katharine, casting a furtive glance toward Louise.

"Temptation!" exclaimed Grace; "I am afraid that girls are inclined to flatter themselves."

"Oh, no! a man is sometimes led into temptation very easily with a little flattery of the right sort," replied Katharine.

Louise had taken no part in the conversation, although it cut more deeply than she wished to have known, for she, too, shared in the opinion expressed by Katharine. She well knew the power, the control, that a woman has over a man if he will allow himself to be thoroughly read by her.

"But it is not all eyes that can read their title clear to mansions in the skies," continued Grace, her own eyes twinkling with amusement.

"Well, have it as you will," said Katharine. "He is all right, and I would congratulate with my whole heart any girl who gets him."

"Come, girls, the auto is at the door, waiting for us," called Nan from the foot of the stairs.

High tide was at ten o'clock, and the girls were supposed to be at the pier at that time. All was in readiness, and the boat tossed restlessly at the pier. The day was fine; the sky was blue, and dotted with fleecy, white clouds. The breezes gently kissed

the ocean's brow. Sea-gulls vied with the fishermen along the shore.

"All aboard!" called Mr. St. Clair, as the girls neared the boat.

"What a perfect day for a sail!" exclaimed Nan, as she stepped aboard. "I do so dislike a storm at sea, or rough water; it makes me deathly seasick. How much of a sailor are you, Louise?" she asked, turning to the new guest, as the other girls had already been out in the yacht on several occasions, and had once been caught in a very choppy sea, and had proven rather poor sailors.

"Oh, I love a storm—the rougher the better. I enjoy it as long as I know the boat can weather the gale. The captain on the steamer to the Bermudas said I was a good sailor, and he would take me as his second mate any time; but I preferred to be his first mate, and he wouldn't have me."

"Now what do you think of Louise offering herself to a sea captain," exclaimed Grace ruefully, "and being refused."

"Well, I think he could not have known the value of a good first mate, eh, Nan?" said Charlie, as he took her by the arm and led her to the forward deck with him while he gave his orders to the pilot.

Charlie was his own captain on this trip, and until

the boat was out of the harbor and past the sandbars, he was closely engaged with his pilot and engineer. "What a jolly lot of girls," he thought, as he stood viewing the island ahead. "Ray can have the time of his life, and I shall do all in my power to aid him, for he did me many a good turn in college days, which I shall not forget right away. Miss Maynard is a fine girl and I shall throw them together all that I possibly can; he may take a fancy to her although he has never been captivated yet with feminine beauty. There is something about her, though, that is different from other girls," he mused. "While she weaves a spell about one, yet she breaks the spell with her own force of character. She is a puzzle." Ray, in the meantime, was being entertained by the girls, who were more than equal to the occasion.

The wind had come up quite briskly from the northeast, and the water was beginning to be troubled.

"I do not like the looks of the clouds in the north," remarked Nan, as she came back to the merry group. "I hope the water will not become rough, for we had one experience with a choppy sea and we all had to go into the cabin. It seemed such a perfectly beautiful day when we started."

"You cannot tell what the weather will be like

six hours ahead, here on the New England coast," said Ray, "but I think the wind will die down towards night."

"Well, if the water gets very rough I shall go ashore and go home by train, I never want to be as seasick again as I was the last time," said Nan, with determination. "I was perfectly wretched, and I did not get over it for several days."

After luncheon was served Charlie proposed playing cards, but Louise, not feeling able to tax herself with even the mental strain of a game of cards, asked to be excused. So Ray accompanied her to the upper deck, toward the prow of the boat where they could get the best breeze, while the three girls and Charles remained on the lower deck, playing bridge.

"I understood Miss Ellsworth to say that you are a college friend of Mr. St. Clair's," was Louise's first remark, in an attempt to draw out any stories that Mr. Bradley might choose to relate, as college experiences were intensely interesting to Louise, especially as she was a student herself. Her voice was deep, mellow and vibrant, and had a certain lyric quality which seemed to weave some spell over her companion.

After an hour's conversation along various lines, all of which Ray had made most entertaining, he

asked rather seriously, "Are you a fatalist, Miss Maynard? I thought, by something that you said awhile ago, that you fear nothing, and I judge that you think that nothing 'just happens.'"

Louise's manner immediately changed from one of frivolity to a sweet seriousness which rather surprised Ray, for he had not seen this side of her nature before. "No, I am not a believer in fate, in the ordinary sense of that word. I think that everything is worked out according to law and order. If we fall short of the law we are punished. The thing to be discovered is the law that is operative, and I have been searching to find out what the law of man's being is. There seem to be two sets of laws that are operative, one human, the other divine. Obedience to the one seems to preclude obedience to the other, but the question is, what is human and what is divine? I shall solve it sometime. There is a constant struggle within, a conflict between two forces that will not always strive. One or the other must conquer, especially if the battle is as violent in others as it is in me."

"You speak as one who has had some deep experiences," ventured Ray.

"Yes, I have, more or less, ever since my girlhood days. There is a longing for something deeper than

ordinary human experiences. It is a longing to know and to understand the whys and the wherefores of the operations of the human mind,—the impulses and the forces, the power to reason and the laws thereof. Surely man is not a creature of accident and of chance. There must be a law of his being, as there is to chemistry, or to mathematics.”

“Yes, I believe there is,” agreed Ray, “for when one disobeys the inner light,—or law, if you choose to call it such,—he suffers; but who or what makes and enforces the law?”

“The problem to my mind is this, Mr. Bradley—how to obtain a balance or agreement between one’s impulses and one’s reason, that they shall not be forever at war as to the conduct which they suggest. We find it a rule among all people, that a man’s choice is often decided by the thing he loves to do, and not by the thing that he knows to be right. Duty seldom controls his choice, and yet there are cases where a man loves to do the right thing, and then love and duty combine and control his choice. But how seldom we find that the two forces agree and act in concert. Therefore, men are forever torn in their choices in the conflict between their impulses and their sense of duty.”

Mr. Bradley sat quietly looking into the dim distance, but made no reply.

"I presume," said Louise, changing the subject rather abruptly,—for she saw that she had touched a responsive chord,—“the others will be wondering what has become of us if we remain away any longer. The water is getting pretty rough, too. Suppose we go and find out how they have been passing the time.” Then suiting the action to the word,—which, in this case, was clearly a choice from duty, for it was evident that both would have preferred to remain and continue the conversation, they went to join the others.

As they descended to the lower deck they found that two of the girls had retired to the cabin, and were making most desperate attempts to keep from being seasick. Katharine was still free, though she had a fellow-feeling for the other girls, as she had not escaped sickness on the last trip.

“Well, for mercy’s sake, girls, have you gone to bed in the middle of the day?” exclaimed Louise laughingly, as she entered the cabin. “I’m awfully sorry that you are not enjoying the trip; I just love the water when it is rough.”

“You cruel girl,” retorted Nan, “to love a thing

that causes such distress. Really, something must be done to help us out of this plight."

Ray at once went in search of Charlie, and found him engaged in giving orders to put into the nearest port, and studying the railroad timetable, so as to get home by train, if possible. He could not find that any train would get them home that night, so decided that they would have to stay at a hotel in Provincetown, a village at the extreme northern point of the Cape. He was anxious that Nan should not become averse to sailing, as he spent much of his time, during the summer months, on the water.

"Well, I think we shall have to run into port on account of the girls," said Charlie to Ray. "I presume that we shall be obliged to stay at a hotel over night; then, if it is clear in the morning, we can sail back home; if not, the girls can go by train and we can take the yacht for the day along the coast. "Say," said Charlie, changing the subject rather abruptly, "I see you are interested in Miss Maynard. 'Brad,' she is a charming girl and well worth winning. Nan has spoken highly of her and says that while she has always been a favorite with young men, she is not engaged. So there is your chance," and Charlie looked at Ray with a knowing glance.

"Yes, I find her interesting, but rather serious withal,—philosophically inclined." But he did not reveal all that was passing through his mind regarding her.

"That ought to suit one of your disposition," replied Charles. "I've been bored by your philosophizing on the problems of life by the hour, and perhaps she can help you out." As Charlie said this with a jolly laugh, the two started towards the cabin to find out how the girls were getting along. Charles announced that they were going to run into Provincetown for the night, as it was too rough to continue on to Grayton Beach.

"Oh, good!" exclaimed Nan, "What a frolic we will have on shore, and we can telegraph mother not to expect us until tomorrow." Then the four that were not disabled sat down to a game of cards.

"Miss Boynton, you and I will be partners," said Charlie, "and Miss Maynard and 'Brad' will have difficulty in winning out against two such professionals."

"I shall not be able to play long," said Louise, the color coming to her cheeks.

The boys admired the "seaworthiness" of those two girls, and Charlie wished that Nan was as much of a sailor. It was dusk as the boat pushed into

Provincetown harbor, where they anchored at some distance from the pier and rowed ashore. Provincetown is a quaint old village and affords plenty of interesting sights and fairly good hotel accommodations. After a "shore dinner" of broiled live lobster, steamed clams and roast corn, Charlie planned it so that he and Nan could be together and stroll about the town, and naturally Ray had his choice of the other girls. Louise explained that she could not walk any distance without becoming exhausted; so the four decided to remain at the hotel, and spend the evening in the parlor. They had it practically to themselves, as the other guests were promenading the beach or otherwise engaged. Louise played and sang some of her favorite songs, and Ray sat back with a puzzled air, looking first at the girl, and then into space, as though he were trying to determine in his own mind what course he would take.

"You have a beautiful voice, Miss Maynard; have you studied?" asked Ray. "I always call made voices artificial, even if they do gain great control; they lack soul and depth of feeling, many times. Your voice seems perfectly natural."

"Yes, it is natural, in that sense," replied Louise, lifting her wonderful dark eyes which seemed to stir

his inmost feelings. "I have had some training, but I believe that there is a power outside of ourselves that enables us to do these things, but the nature of that power I have not yet discovered. Sometimes singing soothes me, sometimes it tears me so that I am almost a nervous wreck, and have to abandon my music for weeks at a time. It depends on my mood." As she said this she looked toward Ray with a rather knowing smile, and it thrilled him to feel that there was an understanding between himself and this beautiful girl, who appeared so impulsive and care-free, yet with so deep an under-current running through her nature. He thought to himself, "There must be some sympathy between us,—a mental affinity."

After the evening had been pleasantly spent, and the girls had gone to their rooms, Ray said to Charlie: "Do you believe in soul affinity? That one man is naturally mated to but one woman in this world, and that no other woman would satisfy him?"

"Well, not exactly that, Ray, but it comes pretty near to that sometimes," said Charlie, with a knowing smile. Then he continued: "Do you think you have found that woman?"

"No, not that, but do you think that a man can love one woman and marry another, and still be happy?"

"Well, what are you driving at, young man? You are not married, are you?" asked Charles, in a rather puzzled manner.

"No, I am not married," replied Ray.

"Then what's the trouble? If you think you like Miss Maynard, now is your chance to find out whether or not she is your affinity," continued Charlie, smiling.

"Yes, but she has had so many admirers that she is tired of the game, I can see."

"But Nan tells me that she has never been in love, and it's up to you to win her. If she is your soul-mate or 'affinity' as you call it, you will find it out."

Ray lay wakeful and thinking, way into the small hours of the morning. When day began to dawn Charlie could see from the windows that the ocean was still rough, and the yacht, which was anchored in full view, tossed restlessly at her moorings.

"Well, it looks to me that there will be no girls aboard on this trip," said Charlie, after Ray had shown signs of waking. "There is a bad swell on this morning."

"Can't Louise and Katharine,—I beg your pardon, Miss Maynard and Miss Boynton—go with us, and the other girls go home by train? These two girls enjoy the water, and why need they go the other way?"

"All right, that will be agreeable to me, if the girls will go," replied Charles. "I do not think that Nan will raise any objections, for she does not love the water well enough to care much what way she gets home."

After rather hasty preparations, the girls met in the hall. The boys had rapped several times on their doors, announcing breakfast, or anything else they could think of, to get the girls started, as they were exceedingly hungry.

"Well, you are sound sleepers," said Charlie, "to just wake up at this time of day, when the sun has been up for two hours. My slats have almost fallen in for want of support."

"Why, Charlie St. Clair, I am shocked at your indelicate description of yourself."

"Well, my dear, what would you have me say,—that my stays have caved in?"

After several rounds of repartee and a little general conversation about the weather, they entered the dining-room.

"The water is still rough, Nan," announced Charlie. "What do you think about the trip home? By land, or by sea; which shall it be?"

"Oh, I am going by train," she replied. "No more rough water for me, please."

"And how about the other girls," inquired Charlie. "Do any of you volunteer to go by water?"

"Miss Maynard and Miss Boynton are good sailors," interposed Ray. "Suppose they go with us. What do you say, girls?"

"If Nan has no objections, I would enjoy the trip by water much better than by train. It is not often that I can have such a glorious outing," said Louise. "I shall enjoy nothing better if Katharine will go along."

"Indeed, I should enjoy it immensely, if it meets with the approval of our hostess," replied Kate.

So it was agreed that two should go by land and four by sea.

After seeing the girls off on the train, Charles sent out word for the yacht to be in readiness and the skiff at the pier in half an hour. Ray's heart began to beat with a strange emotion, unlike anything he had ever experienced before, as he walked down to the pier with Louise. His thoughts were

mingled with feelings of doubt and fear, and questions arose that he had to put aside.

"She says that one is almost always controlled by his feelings rather than his intellect," he mused, "by love, rather than duty; and yet she says that these two elements should harmonize in order that a man may gain happiness; and here I am, in less than twenty-four hours, compelled to choose between love and duty. Would to God that I had met this girl sooner, and yet how foolish I am to think of this when I am engaged to another girl. I have no reason to believe that Miss Maynard would for a moment think of me other than as a friend. O, well! I can be true to my engagement and at the same time enjoy Miss Maynard's society. No one here suspects that I am engaged."

CHAPTER III

LOUISE'S PROBLEM

"To find some sure interpreter
My spirit vainly tries.
I only know that God is love
And know that *love is wise.*"

—Alice Cary.

AS THE yacht sailed out of the harbor they could see the monument on the hill, back in the village, erected in memory of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the long line of quaint old houses bordering the shore.

"A queer old town," said Louise. "It has an atmosphere which seems to be an accumulation of ages, not by way of refinement but quite the opposite."

"Yes, it has a strongly marked character," said Ray.

As the boat moved south down the coast, on the inner side of the crescent, a village could be seen in the distance. "There is Wellfleet," explained Charlie as the town came into clearer view.

"Many yacht races take place here every season. I often come over to watch their maneuvers. There are some of the racing boats now in the harbor."

With the aid of the glasses they could see large, single-masted sail boats, and upon the single large sails could be distinguished numbers under which they raced. "It is great sport to get into one of those races. I used to have a sail boat in Boston Harbor, and would come across the Bay to enter these contests. If Nan had ever been in one of those boats, she would think that this yacht, by way of comparison, is quite like terra firma. Suppose we go and look after the pilot," said Charlie turning to Katharine. So they left Ray and Louise and went to the forward deck.

Charlie understood his part well in this situation, and took particular pains to keep Katharine interested in his work on the forward deck, so as to give his chum the opportunity to be with Louise. When Ray found himself alone with the girl who but yesterday was a total stranger to him, and today seemed an intimate friend, he could hardly realize that he had known her so short a time. Known her but twenty-four hours! Why, it seemed that he had always known her! He had become very confidential with her. He told her of his ambitions as a lawyer and of his success, and what a good friend Charlie St. Clair had been when he first started in business after leaving college. "If it had not been

for his friendship I would not be where I am today, and I am indeed deeply indebted to him," he said.

"What way do you mean by that?" asked Louise, an amused smile playing about the corners of her mouth, which caused Ray to see the double meaning possible in his statement.

"I mean it either way or both," he replied, a gleam of light twinkling in his eyes. "I am indeed indebted to him for having made it possible to be here with you today, for it has been a rare privilege," and his eyes revealed a depth of feeling which he did not try to conceal.

After some general conversation, Ray asked, "What was it that you said yesterday about the necessity of having one's desire and one's sense of duty agree in order to bring about happiness? For instance, do you think that a man should not marry until his love and reason can agree?"

"Oh, it was only what I have been studying out in my own experience and by observation," replied Louise. "Perhaps I can state it more clearly. You recall, of course, that all mental action is classified as intellect, feeling, and will or choice.

"Yes," replied Ray, "I remember that we made that division in our studies in college."

"A really satisfactory choice or decision with regard to any important matter cannot be reached unless the intellect approves what the feelings prompt regarding it," continued Louise. "Many people choose their companions and their vocations in life from mere impulse; but, with me, when my reason does not accord with my impulse, I make no choice if I can avoid it, for I know that a good result will not follow. I believe that there is an eternal law, ever to be reckoned with, which should govern mental action, if one could only discover it. The thing which I cannot understand is why, so often, my desire or affection goes out in a manner of which my reason does not approve. What I ardently wish for, my judgment usually will not permit me to accept, and what I intellectually approve, I often do not care for. So my mentality vibrates back and forth, like a pendulum, between desire and duty. Were you ever thus tormented?" she queried.

"Yes, I think I can understand," he admitted, with an inward groan.

"I attended a lecture last winter," continued Louise, "which brought out clearly and illustrated the balance that should exist between feeling and intellect, and the disastrous results of not observing this

balance. The lecture was on Faust. First, the lecturer gave a character study of the author. He said that Goethe possessed this balance of feeling and intellect in a very marked degree; in fact, the most perfectly of any author he had ever read. Then, Goethe, in the play, brings out the wretched results of being controlled by either one alone. He took Marguerite as the type of those who are controlled by love, impulse, passion, feeling,—without any thought for the consequences. He said that Mephistopheles through Faust represents the type of those governed by cold intellect and intrigue, presenting the arguments of bald reason, devoid of love or compassion. When controlled alone by emotion, feeling or love, he said, sorrow and disaster must follow. And on the other hand, cold intellect is devilish. Then the lecturer gave this illustration, which rather imperfectly brings out the point which I am trying to get cleared up in my own mind,—at least, I think he was trying to solve the same problem that I am. I will show you the diagram which he drew illustrating his point if you can let me have a pencil and a bit of paper. Then Louise sketched the following on a leaf of a note-book which Ray chanced to have in his pocket.

God,
divine Mind.

Faust,
controlled predomi-
nantly by intellect, rep-
resents lack of balance,
imperfection.

Marguerite,
controlled predomi-
nantly by feeling, rep-
resents lack of balance,
imperfection.

Man,
God's image and likeness,
representing the balance,
combining intellect and feeling,
perfection.

"The lecturer said," continued Louise, "that in the man who reflects God completely, these two mental forces are in balance. Do you see the point? But there is still the same old problem to be solved. Why do our impulses and reason not agree? This is what I mean to find out. Why should my reason be of one order, my impulses of another, and I be constantly thrown back and forth between the two? Aristotle tried to solve the problem by establishing right choice as a mean between two extremes, both of which were bad. For example:

"Cowardice, the defect; courage, the mean; rashness, the excess.

"Stinginess, the defect; liberality, the mean; prodigality, the excess.

"This 'golden mean,' as he calls it, should be a man's choice. But he does not establish any principle to go by; it is mere guess-work. And he actually lays down no rule, and is singularly vague. Dr. Wardlaw, commenting on Aristotle's philosophy, says, 'It is susceptible of some useful applications but hazards a mischievous laxity of moral principle.' In this teaching we must first establish the extremes, both of which are bad, and then determine the mean. Russell Conwell attempts to give a solution of this problem in his lecture, 'The Angel's Lily.' He tells a story of a beggar living in Borsa, who, as he fell asleep in his hut, prayed that he might be the Caliph for one day and live in the palace at Bagdad. The Caliph, living in Bagdad, tired of the cares of state, wished that he might have the freedom of a peasant for but a day. That night as they slept, an angel carried the Caliph toward Borsa and the beggar toward Bagdad, and they met half way, near the Tigris River. Each told the other what his desire had been, and they decided to remain where they had

met, and the angel caused a great lily to grow up to shelter them, and here they lived many days in happiness. And to this day this legend is current in Persia, and when 'the angel's lily' is mentioned among the people, it is understood to mean the happy medium between two extremes. Then Dr. Conwell went on to say that there is always a happy medium between extremes, and we must choose the medium. But here we are again in the same difficulty in which Aristotle leaves us."

Ray had listened attentively to the discourse, and was wondering what the happy medium was in his present perplexity. Here was a girl that he could easily love; indeed, he was not so sure that he did not already love her more than any other girl he had ever met. And yet his reason had led him to become engaged to a girl of wealth, whom he did not love. He thought he loved her, but after meeting Louise, he knew he had not loved her as he loved Louise, and it took him but a short time to find it out. "I shall only be thrown in her company a short time, and then must it all end?" he asked himself. "No, it must not end here. If she is by nature soul of my soul, and life of my life, and if we are thus mated, why should I allow an engagement to come between us, and perhaps ruin her

happiness and mine for life?" This he thought and felt in the first flush of his new love for Louise. Then his cold reason began to argue, and he said to himself: "She has no means, they say, and neither have I, and it is useless to try to live and be happy without money. No, I'll go on, and enjoy all the love she will give me as long as it lasts, and then I must choose the cold intellectual side of life thereafter; there is no happy medium in this situation. Reason and love will never balance in this problem. I wonder how she would solve this perplexity."

"Miss Maynard," he said, after she had finished speaking, "your reasoning powers are wonderful. It is unusual to find such rationality in a woman. As a class, they are intuitional, emotional, impulsive; they act without thinking; they feel that a thing is right but can render no reason for their feeling. Is it not possible that in human life the masculine mind is intended to furnish the reasoning factor, while the feminine is designed to supply the feeling, the warmth, the compassion, the love?"

"Ah," she replied, "but you just said that I possess both, and that is the way it should be. You cannot supply my lack, can you?" she asked.

"Well, I would like to try," came from his lips

in a flash. Then, startled by his own boldness, he quickly went on philosophizing. "A man, as a rule, is much more intellectual, more logically minded—he is more of a thinker. It is man who makes the laws and governs the country; but it is woman who gives the home its atmosphere, its artistic touches here and there, which have no reason for existing except that we may feel their influence. This is woman's world. She also furnishes the mother-love, the compassion, the pity; the spirit of the home is hers."

"Yes," she agreed, "this is true, but look at humanity's unrest. Women are thrown out into the world to fight their way; and they are forced to exercise as much intelligence as men do. They must stifle down all feeling, for with many there is no one to love. Oh, some way, it is all wrong! all wrong!"

The boat was coming in sight of home, and Grayton harbor appeared in the distance. Katharine and Charlie gave up their effort to keep away, and joined Louise and Ray, and all entered into an animated discussion on the topics of the day.

"What do you think of the new cult who call themselves Christian Scientists?" asked Katharine. "I have attended some of their meetings and they seem to be doing a great work."

"I know nothing about them," replied Louise, "except what I have read in the newspapers."

"You ought to attend their little meetings across the Cape," continued Kate. "The Ellsworths are much interested, and go over in the auto every Sunday."

"Perhaps they can answer some of your questions, Miss Maynard, as they are metaphysicians," responded Ray.

"Is that true? Well, I am glad to hear it! The people of this country are so materialistic, as a whole, that it is indeed refreshing to learn that there are people who are giving some attention to their mental processes as well as to their material needs," replied Louise. "I would love to go to some of their meetings."

"All right," replied Charles. "Suppose we go over Sunday. I have my auto at Grayton, and can carry six just as well as not. The Ellsworths probably will have friends going with them."

"Why, tomorrow will be Sunday," exclaimed Louise, who could now hardly wait to find out what the teaching of Christian Science is, with regard to her particular problem.

"Sure enough," replied Charles. "Then it is

settled that we all go, for I know Nan will be glad of the opportunity."

"If I am able, after this long trip, I shall be more than glad to go," reiterated Louise.

As they entered the harbor they could see the girls, who had arrived by the train several hours before, in the auto at the pier, waiting for the yacht.

CHAPTER IV

THE FIRST LESSON

SUNDAY morning found Charles and Ray driving in the automobile down the quiet main street towards the Ellsworth's. The day was perfect. The dense fog that had enveloped the Cape early in the morning had lifted, and the sun had come out bright and clear, while the sweet, western wind seemed to hold the fragrance of new-mown hay.

Louise found herself much stronger than she had expected after the cruise of the day before; so decided to take the trip across the Cape.

"I see you have gotten an early start," called the girls from the veranda, as the auto came up the drive.

"Yes, we thought we would get started before the sun gets too warm," replied Charles. "Then we can come home early in the evening, in the cool of the day." So the girls hurried to get ready, and started off in the best of spirits. Nan occupied the front seat with Charlie, and Ray sat in the back

seat between Kate and Louise. Grace was invited to ride with the Ellsworths.

Here again was the old temptation for Louise to exercise her influence over Ray, the influence which was a mystery even to herself. She was a pure-minded girl, but the thrill of physical contact with one of the opposite sex was beyond her control, and would set any man whom she touched tingling from head to foot. She had analyzed the influence she exerted as magnetism, and whether or not this was a good impulse, she did not understand; but she knew that the exercise of it often left her weary and exhausted. However, it was pleasurable, and the power it gave her at the time over a man seemed irresistible. Ray knew the sensation from past experience, and perhaps understood it better than she; but this present experience eclipsed anything he had previously known, and he seemed wholly under her control. "What bliss," thought he, "to possess a girl of this kind as all my own," and he yielded himself wholly to her influence. Louise knew from experience that this influence did not yield good fruit, and she was inclined to reject it, but she did not know how; it seemed really part of her.

As the auto spun across the Cape, very little was said by its occupants, for they were all enjoying the

beauty of the morning. As they reached the little chapel, for it could hardly be called a church, they found many gathered in the entrance, while a goodly number had already been seated. Nan said, "Shall we go right in, or shall we stroll up the street until mother and father come?" After discussing it a moment they decided to enter. The atmosphere seemed strangely peaceful to Louise, and she sat quiet and expectant, for it was all new to her. As the service began, a lady and gentleman took seats on the platform. After singing a hymn, there was Scripture reading consisting of selections from the first and second chapters of Genesis. After the Lord's Prayer and another hymn, came the Lesson-Sermon, the subject of which was, "Adam and Fallen Man." The lady at the desk read from the Bible selected passages, and then the gentleman standing beside her read from "Science and Health," the Christian Science text-book, correlative passages or references bearing upon the same point as did the Bible passages just read. During the reading, these words from Genesis impressed Louise:

"And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, and let them have dominion . . . over all the earth. So God created man in his own

image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." (Gen. 1:26.)

"But there went up a mist from the earth. . . . And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground. . . . And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept; and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof. And the rib which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man. . . . And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat, but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it, for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

"The knowledge of evil brought death," thought Louise. Then she continued to follow the reading, and during the lesson the following passages from the Scripture, though not all read at once, attracted her attention and seemed to fall into the train of thought already started in her mind.

"Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made, and he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden? And the woman said unto the serpent, Of the tree which is in the midst of the garden God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die. And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye

shall not surely die: for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.” (Gen. 3:1-5.)

“And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked: and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons. And they heard the voice of the Lord God. . . . And Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden.” (Gen. 3:7, 8.)

“And Adam knew Eve his wife and she conceived and bare Cain. . . . And she again bare his brother Abel. . . . And Cain talked with Abel his brother. And it came to pass, when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him.” (Gen. 4:1, 2, 8.)

“Jesus said unto them, If God were your Father ye would love me; for I proceeded forth and came from God: neither came I of myself, but he sent me. . . . Ye are of your father, the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own; for he is a liar, and the father of it.” (John 8:42, 44.)

“They which are the children of the flesh, these are not the children of God.” (Romans 9:8.)

“Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.” (Psalm 51:5.)

"That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." (John 3:6, 7.)

The following selections, read by the First Reader from "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," fitted in with what Louise was learning from the Bible readings:

"The Scriptures say that God has created man in His own image and after His likeness." (S. & H., 344:6.)

"The standard of perfection was originally God and man. Has God taken down His own standard, and has man fallen?" (S. & H., 470:18.)

"Man in God's image is unfallen and eternal." (S. & H., 476:31.)

"Man is the reflection of God or Mind." (S. & H., 475:17.)

"He is the compound idea of God, including all right ideas." (S. & H., 475:14.)

"With a single command Mind had made man, both male and female. How, then, could a material organization become the basis of man? How could the non-intelligent become the medium of Mind?" (S. & H., 524:17.)

"'With a single command Mind made man,' repeated Louise to herself. 'Mind made man, both male and female, with a single command.'" Then

she heard Mrs. Eddy's interpretation of the words, "Lord God," as follows:

"Lord God: This double term is not used in the first chapter of Genesis. . . . It is introduced in the second and following chapters, where the true scientific statements of the Scriptures become clouded through a physical sense of God as finite and corporeal." (S. & H., 590:21.)

The following passages also specially caught the listening girl's attention:

"The first statement about evil—the first suggestion of more than the one Mind—is in the fable of the serpent." (S. & H., 544:19.)

"In Genesis, this allegorical talking serpent typifies mortal mind, more subtle than any beast of the field." (S. & H., 564:31.)

"Whence comes a talking, lying serpent to tempt the children of divine Love? The serpent enters into the metaphor only as evil." (S. & H., 529:21.)

"From first to last the supposed coexistence of mind and matter, and the mingling of good and evil, have resulted from the philosophy of the serpent." (S. & H., 269:3.)

"Whatever indicates the fall of man or the opposite of God or God's absence, is the Adam-dream, which is neither Mind nor man, for it is not begotten of the Father." (S. & H., 282:28.)

"That matter has life and sensation is one of the

false beliefs of mortals, and exists only in a supposititious mortal consciousness." (S. & H., 278:12.)

"Life not in matter!" thought Louise. "Well, that is a new idea! And the belief that life is in matter is the serpent's lie, and the belief that sensation is in matter is another lie! Then if I believe that life is in my body, I am believing a lie, and that lie would cause me to believe in death, and if I believe that my body has sensation, then I believe another lie!"

Then the gentleman at the desk read the definition or meaning of the word "serpent":

"A lie: the opposite of truth, named error; the belief in more than one God; animal magnetism." (S. & H., 594:1.)

The words "animal magnetism" struck Louise like a shot. "Animal magnetism! another god! What!" she said to herself, "have I been believing the serpent's lie, and by so doing have I been serving a false god? Have I been all these years using the serpent's lie to attract men? Go on! Go on!" she said to herself, as she leaned forward, lest she should lose a word. "If this is the truth, I want to know all there is to know." Then she heard the Reader say:

"The snake talker utters the first voluble lie,

which beguiles the woman and demoralizes the man." (S. & H., 533:13.)

"Beguiles the woman and demoralizes the man," she repeated. "Is it possible that this thing that the world worships, the belief in the attractive power of matter or flesh, is the chief sin of the world, the cause of Adam's fall, and that I have been deluded into believing it all my life? I have it, I see it; I see it all, all!" she exclaimed to herself. "Man as the child of God is spiritual and is God-like. I reflect all, as the child of God, in my own consciousness; this answers my question. Man, in the image and likeness of God, represents the balance of Mind-qualities,—the reflection of the Father-Mother God, to whom they prayed in the spiritual interpretation of the Lord's prayer. I am really individually complete. This man who sits by my side is also, in reality, individually complete. He is just as much the child of God as I am. Then we must in reality be just the same—the image and likeness of God. Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other, and the belief that I am a woman apart from and different from him and have power over him, because I am a woman, is the serpent's lie, the belief that there is life and sensation in my flesh. So there is no more life in my body,

or in his, than there is in the arm of this seat next to me; for Life is God. I am free! I am free!" Louise exclaimed to herself. Then for some moments she sat wrapped in the thought of her freedom, and the answer to the one question of her life. She could see that she had perceived the Principle whereby to work out her entire problem. The truth was somewhat fragmentary in her mind, but she knew that she had gained the foundation-Principle.

At the close of the service Louise turned to Nan and said: "Oh, Nan, dear, this is the most instructive and inspiring service I ever attended; it is perfectly wonderful how clearly Mrs. Eddy explains 'the fall of Adam,' and how to work out the problems of life. Have you been studying this Science long?"

"No," replied Nan. "Mother and father have been interested for some time, and they have tried to get me interested, but I do not seem to grasp it. I am glad if you enjoyed it; it seems so difficult to understand."

"Why, it is as clear as day to me, and it seems strange that we have not understood it before," replied Louise, and then asked: "Have you a copy of the text-book?"

"Mother has," replied Nan, and Louise went at once in search of Mrs. Ellsworth.

"Oh, Mrs. Ellsworth," she enthusiastically exclaimed, "I have enjoyed the service so much, and to think that you knew all this wonderful truth and did not tell me about it! I should think you would talk about it all the time."

"We have to be careful to whom we talk, lest we cast our pearls before swine—the unprepared thought which Jesus symbolized by 'the swine'—who might turn and rend us," replied Mrs. Ellsworth.

"May I ride home with you—in your car—and will you tell me more about this?" asked Louise. Mrs. Ellsworth readily assented, and it was arranged that she should ride with them, and that Grace should take her place in Charlie's machine.

"I want Mrs. Ellsworth to tell me more about Christian Science," explained Louise to the company. Then turning to Raymond, she said, "I will tell you all about it tomorrow."

Louise wanted a chance to get away and think over the things she had heard.

"I wonder what has come over Louise," thought Ray, as they bade good-bye to the Ellsworths.

All the way home Louise discussed the Lesson-Sermon with Mrs. Ellsworth, and asked questions as to what man, as the child of God, is. Upon their arrival, she went with Mrs. Ellsworth to the library and found a Bible and sat down to study and think. She opened to the first chapter of Genesis, the 26th verse, one that had been read in the morning service.

"And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth. So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them."

"Let US make man," repeated Louise. "What is meant by 'us'?" she asked.

"It must be that God is both Father and Mother," replied Mrs. Ellsworth, "or He would not be a creator. If He created man in His own image and likeness, male and female, then He must be male and female, for the likeness must be like the original. But it is not the material male and female; it is all in Spirit, in Mind, for God is Mind. It is qualities or activities of Mind that are referred to. Man, the image and likeness of God, is mental. God is not

two. He is one God. The fact that He is both Father and Mother does not make two Gods, for the Bible says, 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord.'"

At this point Mrs. Ellsworth went in search of a copy of "Science and Health," and after finding it, she returned to her seat near the window and turning to the Glossary near the back of the book she found the following definition of Mind: "The only I, or Us, the one God" (S. & H. 591:16). "The only Us," she repeated. "That is what it says in Genesis: 'Let *us* make man in *our* image.' The 'Us' is the Father-Mother God, the Principle, male and female, the Creator of all. Then the male and female of Mind must be intelligence and feeling, or Truth and Love. I remember that Mrs. Eddy says on page 64 of 'Science and Health,' 'White robed purity will unite in one person masculine wisdom and feminine love.' The male and the female of God's creating are also mental, being reflected wisdom and love, united in one man." Then turning to one of Mrs. Eddy's books, Mrs. Ellsworth read the following to Louise: "The all-knowing, all-loving Father-Mother, God, made them male and female, as the Scriptures declare. Then does not our Heavenly Parent—the Divine

Mind—include within this Mind the thoughts that express the different mentalities of man and woman whereby we may consistently say, 'Our Father-Mother God?'" (Message for 1901, p. 7.)

"Dear Mrs. Ellsworth, it is such a joy to learn these things. This must be the solution to the problem that has been perplexing me for so long. Oh, how I have struggled with these questions. Intellect and feeling must both be spiritual, in order to have them agree, for, as you have just read, God is both the all-knowing and the all-loving. I have been trying to make my human feeling, based on sense testimony, agree with my reason, my intellect, my better judgment, and I have found that they were ever at war with each other. Love, or desire, they say, is the motive power that causes us to choose, and if we love material things, our choice is material, even when our better judgment does not sanction the choice. O, what a struggle I have had."

"Tell me, dear, what your struggle has been. Perhaps I can help you. Out of my longer experience with the world, and with the aid of Science, we may be able to solve the riddle."

"Well, dear Mrs. Ellsworth, I hardly know how to tell you of my intense emotion, my attraction for

men, but it is so intense at times that it fairly burns up my energy; it seems to eat into my brain and leaves my head dizzy and my body weak. And yet the power I have over men seems, at times, to surpass all other power."

"Dear child, you little know the horrible risk you run in exerting such an influence upon men. They understand far better than you what it leads to. A woman is so constituted physically that her passion is not easily aroused, while a man's passion is often aroused by the clasp of a hand, or the touch of a woman's lips. There is nothing but Christian Science that can help to solve this problem, dear, for Christian Science is the knowledge of the law of God, and there is really no other law than His law to rely upon in time of trouble. I will do all I can to show you the way. To begin with, you need to know that life and intelligence is not in nor of matter—that, in reality, man is wholly spiritual."

"Yes, Mrs. Ellsworth, I think I learned that lesson at the little church this morning, and you have given me just what I needed in order to solve my problem, and I shall work it out. Right thinking must be the Father-principle of God, right feeling the Mother-principle, and the resultant expression must be the child, man in the divine likeness, who

really is or expresses the will of God. Is that right?" asked Louise.

"I think you are right," replied Mrs. Ellsworth.

"Then man, as the perfect image and likeness, must be like God, in intelligence and feeling, and must perfectly balance these two qualities. Then the spiritual man's choice reflects the will of God. Am I right?" again asked Louise.

"Yes, dear, you have grasped this thought very readily. False sense, the talking serpent, says that man is two; that the male and the female of God's creating are many separate material beings, whereas the likeness of God must be one, not two or many separate individuals."

"Then Intelligence and Love are the two which are joined together in God, and are expressed by Him in man, as the male and female of His creating?" asked Louise.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Ellsworth. "Mrs. Eddy states this very clearly on page 577 of 'Science and Health.'" Turning to the page she read: "The Lamb's wife presents the unity of male and female as no longer two wedded individuals, but as two individual natures in one; and this compounded spiritual individuality reflects God as Father-Mother, not as a corporeal being."

"Oh, Mrs. Ellsworth, I am so thankful to you for explaining this to me. I do not wonder at the gratitude expressed to Mrs. Eddy by her students. You have caused me to be very grateful." Bending forward, she kissed Mrs. Ellsworth and said, "May I take 'Science and Health' to my room? I wish to study this."

After reaching her room, she picked up her Bible and read where St. Paul says: "To be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace, because the carnal mind is enmity against God." She said to herself: "Mortal mind just misrepresents things and makes them appear evil instead of good, material instead of spiritual. Isaiah says in the seventh chapter: 'Refuse the evil and choose the good.' In Judges we read: 'Choose ye this day whom ye will serve,' and in Kings: 'If the Lord be God follow Him; if Baal, follow him.' St. Luke tells us: Ye cannot serve God and mammon.' Then this power that I have entertained and rather congratulated myself on having, is evil. It is animal magnetism, the belief that life and sensation are in matter, which is the carnal mind, the cause of sensuality; for it is the basis of the belief in sex, that man and woman are separate embodiments. God forgive me for my ignorance

and sin!" She burst into tears, and cried aloud in the sorrow of a penitent heart. Then she opened "Science and Health" and commenced reading the chapter on Genesis and became oblivious of her surroundings.

She had been delving deep into the realm of Mind for several hours, and had not realized how the time had passed, when one of the girls came bounding into the room, having just returned with the others in Mr. St. Clair's automobile.

"We have had a glorious time!" exclaimed Kate. "After having dinner we took a twenty-mile ride along the south shore. I wish you had been with us. You don't know what you missed."

"Perhaps not," replied Louise, "but I would not have missed this afternoon's study for a thousand-mile trip."

"Now come," said Kate, "don't go daffy over Christian Science."

"No," replied Louise, "I've been daffy more or less all my life, and I'm just getting over it."

"Come on down to lunch," said Kate. "Mrs. Ellsworth says it will be ready soon."

The two girls descended to the drawing-room where they found the others engaged in a general good time. As they gathered around the supper

table, Charlie asked: "Nan, what do you think of taking another trip in the yacht tomorrow, if it is a fine day?"

"Yes, I will go, but I have gotten so that I fairly fear the water, and I am so sorry for your sake, Charles," Nan replied.

"Why, Nan," exclaimed her mother, dropping her spoon back into her saucer, "you should overcome that fear. It does not help you any to fear the water. We are commanded to have dominion over all the earth, and the water is a part of it."

"Yes, I know, mother, it is foolish to fear it, but if it affected you as it does me, you would fear it, too."

"But that is the point, my daughter. You should work to overcome the bad effects. Why should the water cause one person such inconvenience, and another escape? If there is any set rule or law of God governing the matter, all would be affected alike," her mother replied.

"Well, all right, I will try it again. When do you wish to start, Charles?" asked Nan.

"Oh, any time in the morning," he replied. "We will take just a short trip over to Plymouth, and get back before night. I want to see a couple of fellows there who are going with us on the trip along

the Maine coast this week. Do you think you will take that trip with us, Nan?" asked Charlie, with an expression of doubt in his face and voice.

"No, Charlie, I do not think I will risk it, yet I may decide to, later." So the matter was left an open question to be settled on the following day.

CHAPTER V

PLYMOUTH

THE morning was glorious as the yacht steamed past the boats in the harbor, headed for the Bay. The lighthouse on the island at the left stood out in pure white against the blue sky, and seemed like a silent sentinel, as they passed. The white sand dunes stretched back as far as the eye could see, and here and there small cottages dotted the shore.

Mrs. Ellsworth, having been invited to accompany the young people on their trip, had yielded to persuasion, partly on Nan's account, thinking that she might help her to overcome her fear of the water.

"Remember, Nan, the words of Cowper," said the mother.

"'God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.'

"Mind is supreme over all. It fills one with a sense of power and dominion to think of God's presence everywhere. It causes one to love to meet

the difficulties of life, and it makes one braver and more courageous."

As Mrs. Ellsworth finished speaking Louise said to herself: "There it is, and so beautifully expressed. By right reasoning, which is intelligence, we come to have courage, which is right feeling. Reason should be balanced with courage, or the other way around,—courage, balanced with reason. If a man reasons rightly, he will have no fear. It is wrong thinking that lets in fear. The Psalmist says: 'I will fear no evil,' and gives as a reason, 'For thou (God) art with me.' Fear is a human impulse connected with wrong belief, or reasoning from false premises. In this I can see that the human impulse counteracts the divine. 'Perfect love casteth out fear.'"

Raymond was perplexed at the change that had come over Louise, for she seemed to be absent-minded and in a brown study since the church service on Sunday. When an opportunity presented itself, he said to Nan: "What has come over Miss Maynard since yesterday? I trust she was not offended by anything that was said."

"Oh, no; I think not. You know she has not been well this summer. She was almost obliged to give up her college work before the close of the year,

and does not expect to return this fall. The doctor says she must have a year's rest."

"Indeed! I would not suspect it. She told me she could not walk long distances; but last week she seemed so full of life and spirit that I did not think of her as being ill," continued Ray, and some doubt lingered in his mind as to the correctness of Nan's explanation. "Poor girl," thought he; "would that I might care for her. I have finished college, and have good prospects in business. Why should I abandon the love of a life-time for financial reasons? But I am bound in honor by my engagement. However, I must find out the cause of Miss Maynard's changed attitude."

He sought to see her alone, but it seemed to be a rather difficult matter, as she was continually engaged in talking with the other girls. Finally, the opportunity came for him to ask: "Miss Maynard, are you prepared to tell me what you learned yesterday? I am ready to hear about it."

Louise was rather unsettled in her own mind, as the new ideas had hardly made themselves at home with her, and she had not as yet worked a statement of them into practical form. She had begun to realize that there was a battle before her. Old ideas and habits of thought would force themselves to

the front, and she realized for the first time in her life what a mental conflict there is between the good and the evil—between right and wrong—between the human and the divine. Here was a man that she would be glad to marry. He satisfied her reason and appealed to her love, and yet the old methods must be abandoned. If he loved her, it must be because of her worth, not because of any physical attraction, and just how to drop the old, coy way, was the question. So she appeared to be reticent.

"I trust nothing was said yesterday to disturb you, Miss Maynard," he continued in a hesitant manner. "Perhaps I have seemed rather familiar for one who has been acquainted with you for so short a time; but, believe me, it is with no disrespect. It seems to me as though I had known you always."

A sad, sweet, thoughtful smile lighted her face as she said: "No, Mr. Bradley, it is nothing that you have done. I have, indeed, enjoyed your company, but I have become somewhat perplexed over my own problem. The reading Sunday set me to thinking and I have not yet reached a satisfying conclusion on some practical matters."

"I understand," said Ray, in a low voice. "Our friend, Miss Ellsworth, tells me that you have not been well, and that you do not expect to return to

college in the fall. It must be a great disappointment to you not to be able to finish with your class. Do you think of taking up Christian Science treatment?"

"Oh, no, I had not thought of that," returned Louise. "I have other problems, but I do not doubt that the one concerning my health will be solved when the others are. 'Science and Health' states that sickness is mental, not physical, and I am convinced that this is true in my case."

"Then I sincerely hope that your problems may be worked out, whatever they may be, to your satisfaction," replied Ray.

"Christian Science, I believe, solves the problems of life absolutely and finally," said Louise. "It has answered the question which we were discussing Saturday wholly to my satisfaction, and I believe it can answer all questions, if we only understand and apply it properly." She said this with a kindling light in her eye, as though she saw through untold mysteries.

"I rejoice with you in your new discovery; I hope it will prove all you believe it to be," he said; then continued, "I shall be glad to help you in any way that I may, but I am quite at sea as to the demands of this Science."

"I shall not attempt now to tell you what I have worked out in my own mind," Louise replied, "as it is not yet perfectly clear to me; but I shall be glad to share it with you later on." So they dropped the subject, and Ray, satisfied that Louise was simply wrapped in deep thought, felt content to leave her to her own reflections.

As they again joined the others in conversation, Nan teasingly exclaimed: "Well, you two are the most exclusive people I ever saw. I suppose our company is too commonplace," at which remark they all laughed heartily.

"I should think it would be Charlie and Nan who would seek seclusion and a quiet corner, but I suppose they have passed that stage," said Grace, to make some merriment at Nan's expense, and there was another peal of laughter.

As the boat neared Plymouth harbor there was hardly a ripple on the water; so Charlie told the pilot to make a landing at the pier.

"Let us get off on Plymouth Rock," said Grace in a jesting manner.

"All right," said Charlie, "but we will need an aeroplane to reach it."

Plymouth, being strongly distinctive in its buildings and general character, like many of the New

England villages which were settled by our forefathers, was very interesting, and none of the girls, except Nan, had ever visited the place before. They spent some time looking at curios and relics of olden days in Pilgrim Hall, and, of course, they visited Plymouth Rock and the National Monument to the Forefathers, built of solid granite eighty feet in height. Then the young men took Mrs. Ellsworth and the girls out to North Plymouth, where the Cordage Works are located. There they found a model manufacturing community. Among its features were a fine library for the use of the employees and their families, furnished by the Cordage Company; a large dining room where lunch was served at cost, and a bathing beach and bathhouse free to the employees. The cottages where the employees live were mostly owned by the Company, and were kept in good repair. They could be purchased by the employees at a low price. Besides, there were baseball grounds where the men could play during the noon hour, and bleachers in amphitheatre style for spectators. Everything was devised to keep the men well contented so that they would do less shifting about, in consequence of which the employees as a body became more skilled and did more satisfactory work. The whole atmosphere of the place

was one of good feeling, at least as far as could be observed by visitors.

"I like to see this co-operative community spirit, and common interest, if it can be carried on by unselfish men," said Mrs. Ellsworth, as they were leaving the Cordage Works. "Selfish interest is the bane of our present status here in America."

"Yes," returned Charles, "men of wealth might find much satisfaction in exerting themselves to help the people generally in a large way, and would thus be uplifting the race instead of working merely for their own selfish aggrandizement. The spirit of commercialism in America has crushed out the sense of the brotherhood of men, which must be restored, eventually, before Americans can realize the true meaning of life."

This speech of Charles' pleased Mrs. Ellsworth, and she added, placing her hand on Charles' arm to impress him with her earnestness: "When people come to realize that none can get very completely into the kingdom of harmony until the whole world is improved, they will set themselves at the task of helping the world solve its problems."

"Do you think," asked Charles, "that we are all held back by those of a lower degree of intelligence?"

"Yes, I think we are held back, to a large extent, by the wrong thinking of the ignorant masses, but still more are we held in bondage by the tricky and malicious grafters of this country—men who misuse their intellectual powers for selfish and demoralizing purposes," replied Mrs. Ellsworth, with much feeling. "If rich men could only see that the real purpose of wealth is to bring comfort to *all* the people, and not merely to the few who often misuse it! There is an abundance for all if it were only more equally shared. What a different country this would be if the brotherhood of men were the dominant idea in its civilization! Then this vexed question of capital and labor would be done away with largely. But I believe that our national civic consciousness is awakening to this fact more and more each day, and I believe that it will ultimately work out a new socialism as a solution of the problem. It must wholly awaken, or there will be a class war. The men of this country seem to be mesmerized with the one idea of accumulating wealth. This age has been one of materialism for the American people; they have been so much occupied in gaining wealth and material possessions that they have neglected the more important things of life—their mental, moral and spiritual culture and welfare. I should judge

from what I have read, in addition to my observations in traveling abroad, that some of the people of the Eastern countries are more highly developed mentally and are much more metaphysical than we are; that they are more concerned with the general welfare of the world than with their own selfish gain; that they have made more of a study of mental activities, and that there are more philosophers among them."

"Yes, I know that what you say is true, Mrs. Ellsworth," said Charles, "and, for one, I shall do what I can to create higher political ideals for the future. The ideals presented by Socialism are good if somewhat modified and Christianized."

"Yes, I believe the whole drift of public sentiment is in that direction the world over," replied Mrs. Ellsworth. "I believe that conditions will gradually improve when women have the right to vote. The country has been run in a one-sided manner on a cold, intellectual business basis by the men, and is suffering for the need of the more loving consideration of the human problems which the women would give. The country needs to be mothered. The account of creation in Genesis says that God gave to the male and the female joint dominion over all the earth, and did not give to the male the

right to dominate over the female, or give to the female dominion over the male; but jointly they should have dominion over the earth. And I do not believe that conditions will be right until this fundamental law of God is fulfilled in respect to our government by giving women equal rights with men."

"I believe you are right, Mrs. Ellsworth. Certainly the women of today are as capable of voting intelligently as the men, if given an opportunity."

As the party returned to the pier, Charles met, by appointment, the two young men who were going to join him on the cruise on which they were to start the following day.

"Are the girls going with us tomorrow?" asked Ray, addressing his question to Mrs. Ellsworth.

"No, I think not, Mr. Bradley. My daughter has not as yet become a very good sailor, and I deem it unwise at the present time for her to attempt so long a trip."

Ray looked disappointed, but made no reply.

After having introduced the young men to Mrs. Ellsworth and the girls, they all went aboard the yacht and started on the homeward trip.

CHAPTER VI

THE BOYS' RETURN

TWO WEEKS had elapsed. Louise had had much time to think and study along the new lines, and it seemed to her that she had grown in understanding more than she would have done with years of study and research along other lines. Many formerly perplexing questions were settled, and, what was more, she found that Christian Science had given her a Principle whereby she could work out the answer to any human problem.

Charlie and Ray had just returned from their long cruise, and Ray had but one more day to spend at Grayton before returning to the city. He meant to spend as much as possible of this day with Louise. He found her out in the grove studying some of Mrs. Eddy's books. She flushed with surprise and pleasure as he came up.

"I suppose you had a glorious time on your trip, Mr. Bradley," she said, after they had exchanged greetings.

"Yes, a fine trip, but it would have been more enjoyable if you had been along." Then, trying to cover the bluntness of this statement, he continued: "We missed the girls." Then he added, after a short pause: "I suppose you have had time to work out your problem in the past two weeks, and are ready to tell me the solution of it."

"Yes," she replied, with a smile that was dear and sweet to him, "I think I have to some extent, but it would be a difficult matter to cause you to understand the solution in one brief conversation unless you catch the genius of it through intuition. I might attempt it, if you like?"

"Well, if you need more time, I shall be happy to arrange for a continuation of this meeting. Indeed, I have thought of becoming a student of this Science under your tutelage," he said, in a spirit of mock levity. Then, becoming more serious, he continued: "I regret that tomorrow terminates my visit here, and the more so because it terminates the privilege of seeing you. It has been the most enjoyable three weeks of my life, and you have helped to make it so. I trust that our friendship will not end here." His dark eyes searched hers for a response.

"Indeed, I hope not," she replied, with a slight

flush coming into her cheeks, "and I would be more than happy to study this subject with you."

"Miss Ellsworth tells me that your home is in Boston."

"Yes, I am living there with my aunt"; and Louise's face became rather clouded, Ray thought.

"Shall we have the first lesson today?" she asked, with a quizzical little laugh. "First of all, you must understand that the subject we were discussing two weeks ago was not the teaching of Christian Science. Indeed, at that time I knew nothing whatever of Science. It was simply a mental analysis of human experiences. Now I find in Christian Science the Principle whereby we can work out this and all other problems of life, and can also gain a correct understanding of God and of man in His image and likeness. You remember," she continued, "that we were discussing the balance of the qualities of mind, and that we took the generally accepted division of mental qualities, which are classified as intellect, feeling and will."

"Yes," responded Ray.

"Let me define the word *feeling* as I have come to understand it, so that there may be no misapprehension as to what I mean when I use the term. Webster says: 'To feel is to perceive by the mind;

to have a sense of; to be conscious of'; and feeling is 'possessing great sensibility, affected or moved; capacity of the soul for emotional states.' And *intellect* Webster defines as 'the thinking faculty, the ability to reason and understand; the faculty of the mind by which it knows, as distinguished from the power or ability to feel or to will.' The *will*, according to Webster, is 'the faculty of the mind by which we choose, decide; the volition. The choice or determination, wish or inclination—purpose.' We found that, in order to choose wisely or successfully, our choice must be governed by both intelligence and feeling, and that both must be satisfied. We found that, in human experience, choice is often governed by impulse alone; and that, on the other hand, the element of reason often enters in determining choice; that is, the choice is determined by love of what the reason presents, rather than by the immediate impulse. When love of the larger good presented by reason calls for one choice, and love of the lesser good presented by immediate impulse calls for an opposite choice, then there is mental confusion and lack of satisfaction. It is manifestly impossible that the reason can present a sense of good which will permanently satisfy the feelings, until the reason has become informed of truth; and this cannot hap-

pen until the reason has become informed of God, Spirit, and His works, which are spiritual, and so no longer presents matter and things material as good. So, too, it is manifestly impossible that love or feeling can be true until the true, the spiritual, is known and loved; for love of the true is the true love. Thought about the false and love of the false—that is, false intellect and false love—could not be expected to work in harmony, since the realm of falsehood or mistake is ever discordant.”

“Then you mean to say that everything material is false?” inquired Ray with some astonishment.

“Yes, false in the sense that it is not eternal,” replied Louise. “The material universe is a false sense of the real universe which exists in Mind, and the understanding of Christian Science enables us to reverse the false sense of existence and find out what the truth is. Mrs. Eddy says, on page 60 of ‘Miscellaneous Writings,’ which I have here with me: ‘Every creation or idea of Spirit has its counterfeit in some matter belief. Every material belief hints the existence of spiritual reality; and if mortals are instructed in spiritual things, it will be seen that material belief, in all its manifestations, reversed, will be found the type and representative of verities priceless, eternal, and just at hand.’ In

replacing the material concept of male and female, which play so prominent a part in human life, we find their spiritual opposites; and these spiritual opposites are what I wish to speak of later if you wish to hear about them."

"Certainly," replied Ray, "I am most interested in any theory as a solution of this problem, for it certainly is a perplexing one."

"Let me read to you from page 124 of 'Science and Health,'" continued Louise. "'The universe, like man, is to be interpreted by Science from its divine Principle, God, and then it can be understood; but when explained on the basis of physical sense and represented as subject to growth, maturity and decay, the universe, like man, is, and must continue to be an enigma.' "I have learned that to interpret the universe and man from their divine Principle, God, is to know that the real universe, the real man, all reality, proceeds from God, and so must be God-like—that is, spiritual, eternal, perfect and infinite. To recognize that the real or true man is spiritual or mental, eternal, unchanging, perfect and harmonious, infinite and omnipresent, is true or divine intelligence, or 'spiritual discernment,' which St. Paul speaks of when he says: 'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they

are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.' On the other hand, to believe that we ourselves, and other men, and the universe and the several parts thereof, are material, temporary, imperfect and finite, and thus as opposite to God in character as they appear to be according to the testimony of the physical, fleshly or carnal senses, is to exercise carnal or mortal intelligence, so-called, and this is to be in that 'carnal mind' which St. Paul says 'is enmity against God, and is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be!' So, to think of reality as spiritual or mental, endowed with the fundamental qualities of the Creator, is true or divine intelligence; while, to think of things as we naturally do, until we learn in Science the truth of being, is false or mortal intelligence, so-called. I say 'so-called,' because that which is not true intelligence is really not intelligence at all, just as counterfeit money is not money at all.

"Next, let me speak of right feeling," continued Louise. "All right feeling is summed up in LOVE; but I wish to define that word, which is greatly misunderstood and misused. I have learned in Science that the so-called love which is based on sense-testimony and material personality is not of the true

or spiritual order. St. John says: 'Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.' The word 'love' applied to mortal sense is really a misnomer, but for want of a better word we will call the love based on sense-testimony mortal love, to distinguish it from divine love. Divine love is based on God. It is the love of good—the love of God, the love of Christ who is the divine manifestation; it is the love of the whole rather than the love of a part, the love of eternal things rather than of temporal things; the love of the infinite rather than of the finite; the love of the unseen rather than of the seen; the love of the spiritual rather than of the material; the love of good rather than of evil. Divine intelligence and divine love are at one, but mortal reason and mortal love seem to be separate, or divergent; and the only way in which we can get our reason to agree with our feelings is to come into an understanding of God, and of our true selfhood as man in His image and likeness, and unto

the demonstration thereof, as explained in 'Science and Health.' Those who talk right and do wrong have not come into the divine Mind; they are still in mortal mind and love the mortal. If they know the truth and study the truth, but do not practice it, they are governed by a mere love of intellect or theoretical knowledge. For, to come into the divine consciousness is to love the divine, and to know and love the divine is to do the will of God, for, when we live, move and have our being in Him, knowledge, love and will are in perfect harmony. When a man talks right and does wrong, he is still governed by human feeling, not divine. As he comes into the true realization of the divine Mind he will love the things of the divine Mind and choose to do them. Intellect and love cannot fully balance until both have reached completeness or perfection. The complete and perfect cannot be loved until it is known; and if the perfect is known and not fully loved, there is still discord, until the perfect or complete is fully loved. All love of a part as distinct from the whole is love of the incomplete, and is therefore imperfect love. Choice governed by such love cannot produce harmony, nor should we expect that it can, since it is out of harmony with God, the foundation of everything that exists. You remember that I told you

of a lecturer who tried to join the two mortal qualities, feeling and intellect—and to so combine them as to make a perfect man?”

“Yes, I remember distinctly,” replied Ray.

“Well, now I see how utterly impossible it is to unite two mortal qualities and produce a good result. His idea of feeling and intellect combining was correct in theory, but his illustration was poor. These two faculties must both be spiritual, for they cannot combine to a good result, if they are evil. God, the Father-Mother, combines the masculine and the feminine faculties of mind, intelligence and feeling, in one. God, the Father, is manifest as Mind, Principle, Truth, all representing intelligence; while God, the Mother, is manifest as Spirit, Love, Soul, all representing feeling. So the manifestations of God are equally divided between the male and the female faculties of Mind.”

“What authority have you for speaking of God in plural terms?” asked Ray.

“We find in the Bible,” replied Louise, “that God is spoken of in the plural number. In Genesis, He is represented as saying to Himself as creator: ‘Let “US” make man.’ Mrs. Ellsworth called my attention to an interesting article in the Christian Science Journal, copied from ‘The Kabbalah Unveiled,’

by McGregor Mathews"; and Louise drew from one of her books a clipping, and read the following:

"For some reason best known to themselves, the translators of the Bible have carefully crowded out of existence and smothered every reference to the fact that the Deity is both masculine and feminine. They have translated a *feminine plural* by a *masculine singular* in the case of the word Elohim. They have, however, left an inadvertent admission of their knowledge that it was plural in Genesis 1:26, "And Elohim said, Let us make man." And again (verse 27), how could Adam be made in the image of Elohim, male and female, unless the Elohim were male and female also? The word Elohim is a plural formed from a feminine singular noun Eloh—by adding . . . a termination customarily used for the masculine plural. It therefore gives to the word Elohim the sense of a female potency united to a masculine idea, and therefore capable of producing an offspring. Now we hear much of the Father and the Son, but we never hear anything of the Mother in the ordinary religions of the day. But in The Kabbalah we find that the Ancient of Days conforms himself simultaneously unto the Father and Mother and thus begets the Son—now this

Mother is Elohim. Again, we are usually told that the Holy Spirit is masculine. But the word—Ruach—is feminine, as appears from the following passage of the Sepher Tetzirsh, “*A Chat* (feminine, not masculine) *Ruach Elohim Chiim*—One is she, the spirit of the Elohim of Life.’”

After reading this clipping Louise continued:

“The feminine element of God’s nature has been suppressed in the minds of mortals in proportion as women have been suppressed and been thought inferior in the minds of men. And women will not gain their freedom until they understand that God is both masculine and feminine and that the completeness of men and women is to be found in attaining mental likeness to God. If God, the divine ‘Us,’ is one, then man as His image and likeness must reflect or manifest His completeness. Of course, we all accept the fact that God is Spirit, or Mind. Then the Father-Mother God must be mental, not physical, and the terms ‘male’ and ‘female’ must refer to conditions of Mind, not matter; therefore, as all mental activity is the result of the combined action of feeling and intellect, it must be that this mental activity or idea of God, this conscious spiritual man, is the ‘male and female’

of God's creating, the creation of Mind. There is but one God, though manifesting separate offices. So man in the divine image and likeness is mentally one, but combines the two characteristics, intellect and feeling, in the individual consciousness. 'What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.'"

"That is very interesting," said Ray, who had listened closely. "It is strange that we have all regarded God as masculine, and that the theologians have always spoken of God as 'He.'"

"Yes," said Louise, "and a woman was the first to correct this mistake, and since I have gained the correct understanding of God, and of the real man, I can tell you why my feeling and reason never used to agree along the line that we were formerly discussing. The carnal mind, the talking serpent, reverses everything by saying to us that the male and the female are two separate individuals; that they are material and not spiritual; that the woman is furnished with more mental ability to feel than to reason, and that the man is furnished with more reason and intellect than feeling. The woman, strong in intuition and feeling, seems lacking in reason and sound judgment, while the man, strong in reason and judgment, is often lacking in feeling and intuition.

His choice is characteristically governed by the sense of intellect, while her choice is characteristically governed by the sense of feeling. The results we know—that neither one is ever wholly satisfied; that they both are unbalanced as between feeling and judgment as long as they accept the natural sense as the truth and the necessary fact about man and woman.”

“I do not quite understand,” interrupted Ray, “why the woman should not supply the man’s lack, and why the man should not supply the woman’s lack; for, as you say, she is naturally intuitional and he is naturally rational.”

“Yes, that is true, and it does help somewhat in working out the problem,” Louise replied. “But nothing can supply the mental lack of either man or woman but God alone. A person without a balance of intellect and feeling is like a bird with but one wing, which, in attempting to fly, whirls round and round, to its own confusion, getting nowhere; but using both wings it is able to make progress. We have seen the attempt of mortals, throughout the ages, to supply this balance by joining two people in marriage. Results prove that people are not much better balanced now than they were six thousand years ago. No, it is the balance

of mind-qualities in the individual consciousness that makes a perfect character, be the person male or female 'after the flesh.'"

"Well, that is too deep for me," remarked Ray. "I have followed your argument closely, but what are you going to do with poor mortals? Would you abandon marriage in order to accomplish this perfect balance of mind qualities?"

"Oh, certainly not; that is not necessary. Being married or being single need have nothing to do with working out one's completeness in Mind. If a given person finds it easier to work it out alone, that is his or her privilege. But if a person desires to marry, that also is his or her privilege, and such a step should not be condemned, for it is often an ideal situation for working the problem. I believe that men need the association and companionship of women, and women need the broadening influence of men. We find that as women have experience in the business world, they become better thinkers, and are better balanced in mind qualities. While developing their intellects, they lose none of their intuitional power and sacrifice none of their sympathetic or loving natures. We have all come to recognize certain well-balanced women of this sort as world-powers. Such women make better companions for

men. On the other hand, the man who has the spark of the Spirit, the love of the Christ, in his nature is more of a man than the man of cold intellect. Some sentences that I read in a book recently may serve to state these ideas more forcibly:

“‘In mortals, feeling and intellect appear as two separate things, but, in themselves, they are distinctly one.’

“‘As a man’s love is, such is his wisdom; and as his wisdom is, such is his love. The wisdom which is not one with love appears as if it were wisdom, and yet it is not; and the love which is not one with wisdom, appears as if it were love, although it is not, for the one derives its presence and its life from the other reciprocally, because God is one and inseparable.’

“‘Love, you remember, is always the motive power; love governs the action and choice, and if our love is wise, the choice will represent the balance of feeling and reason. For instance, on the human plane, a man may love courage, and may believe this quality of mind to be good, and so may do everything that would appear to be courageous; but, carried to excess, such activity becomes rashness and

ends in discord. On the other hand, a man may love caution, and pride himself on being very cautious, but if carried to excess caution becomes timidity or fear, and then it is very obviously wrong. To remedy such a condition, we do not choose the medium between timidity and rashness, as Aristotle suggests, but we bring together in thought and action the two good qualities, courage and caution, which are respectively feeling and intellect, and in so doing we balance these qualities and begin to reflect the male and female of God's creating, in so far as this particular line of action is concerned. This is not the absolute, but with reference to human experience it is as near as we can apply it, on the way to the absolute. A man of great daring, driving an automobile at a high rate of speed through the crowded streets of a city uses no caution or judgment, and so endangers the lives of the people whom he meets, because his mind is not well balanced, but it would not help the case in the least for the man to drive slowly from the motive of fear. No one is so likely to lose control of a machine, and thus do harm to others, as a driver who is afraid, even though he drive slowly for that reason. So it is easy to see that what is needed in the makeup of a good chauffeur is not rashness balanced with fear, but courage balanced

with caution. Courage not thus balanced causes much damage."

"Yes, I have seen many such cases," said Ray, "and I have said in my own mind: I admire your nerve but condemn your judgment. I think that I am often lacking in caution, when I am driving, and that is doubtless the reason why I have come near having some bad accidents."

"Very likely, indeed. There must be a balance between courage and caution in order that both speed and safety may be assured. Take another example: A mother loves kindness, and she makes a specialty of kindness. She never rebukes her child—never punishes the child—because she thinks kindness is the 'whole thing.' The father loves obedience, and chooses to govern the child according to law, and when the child is disobedient, without considering the feeling of kindness, he always punishes the child. Consequently, the child comes to habitually fear the father, and to habitually disobey the mother. What is the trouble? The mother does not balance her kindness with reason, and the father does not balance his love of obedience with kindness. Therefore they are both wrong and the child, in the process, is not properly trained and educated.

"Again, take a person who has an unbalanced sense of charity or mercy. Without knowing that charity should be tempered with justice or some other quality of intellect, he overlooks all mistakes in others, with the misguided notion that charity is all that is necessary; but he finds that such an attitude becomes slackness on his part; and, what is worse, a promoter of wrong-doing in others. On the other hand, a man may be a great believer in the stern hand of justice, and not be aware that this quality needs to be balanced or tempered with mercy. He becomes an ungodly man, because his harsh treatment is not balanced with kindness. Therefore, the results are not what he expects. Mercy, which is a feeling, must be balanced with justice, which is made known through reason, and likewise justice must be balanced with mercy. I have in my note book here some quotations which illustrate nicely the point I am making. These I had copied before I made any study of Christian Science:

"For toleration are needed two great qualities, love and wisdom. Neither will suffice alone. Love in its earnestness is often too narrow, and wisdom in its breadth may be too cold. They are the light and heat of the moral world which must go together."

“‘A gentle heart is like fruit which bends so low that it is at the mercy of every one who chooses to pluck it, while the harder fruit keeps out of reach. This circumstance shows how necessary strength of character is in order to safeguard a gentle nature.’

“‘Earnestness is enthusiasm tempered by reason.’

“‘Zeal without humility is like a ship without a rudder, liable to be stranded at any moment.’

“I could give you many more illustrations, but you, no doubt, get my meaning.”

Ray, however, was puzzled and said he would have to think the matter over awhile, and Louise replied: “Well, we will discuss the subject more fully some other time. It must be getting rather late, and the girls will be wondering if we are ever coming in,” and she gave him a bewitching glance, quite inconsistent with some of the philosophy which she had been presenting, though she was not yet aware of it.

“She is an entrancing little witch, in spite of her logic,” he said to himself as he assisted her to rise, “and I’ll see her through with this subject, if I go daffy with it.” So the two slowly wended their way toward the house. When Ray was alone, late that

night, after having spent a most enjoyable evening at the Ellsworths', he fell to thinking over what Louise had said, and pondered the question until nearly morning.

CHAPTER VII

THE TEMPTATION

LOUISE had been home a week with her aunt, Miss Taber, in their small, but artistically arranged apartment. The girl was a lover of the beautiful, and everything about the rooms spoke of her presence.

The vacation had wrought a great change in Louise, her aunt thought, until she learned that her niece had become interested in Christian Science. Then she would not admit that Louise had improved in the least, for she was bitterly opposed to any "new-fangled religion," as she called it. However, Louise was preparing to return to college in two weeks, and had made all arrangements to resume her work. She found that she had an almost normal amount of strength and endurance, and a joy that she had never before known. She and her aunt were busily engaged in preparing her clothing for the fall term and talking about her prospects for the coming year when the telephone bell rang; and, answering the call, she heard Mr. Bradley's voice.

"Hello, Miss Maynard! Glad you are back in the city again. I thought I would call this evening and take my next lesson, if you are going to be at home." Then she heard a merry laugh coming from the distant 'phone.

"Good! I'm glad you are coming, for I expect to return to college in two weeks, so I won't have much time to see you before I go," she answered.

"Oh, indeed!" replied Raymond. "There must have been a transformation since last I saw you."

"Yes; I am quite well again."

"That's good," he returned. "Good-bye, until tonight."

As Raymond hung up the receiver he exclaimed, "The deuce! She is going back to college just as I am beginning to enjoy her company. Well, I will make the best of it," and, turning back to his desk, he resumed his work.

Mr. Bradley, as a lawyer, prided himself on his power in argument or debate, on his reasoning and logic. Louise had presented to him a perfectly logical bit of reasoning, and he could not dodge it. What was more, she had proved the correctness of her position by her speedy recovery. Something had accomplished this remarkable result, and he was desirous of understanding it.

"With whom were you talking?" asked her aunt, as Louise returned to her work.

"It was Mr. Bradley, a gentleman whom I met down on the Cape; he is going to call this evening."

"Well, I hope he is not one of those new-fangled religionists. He won't be welcome here, if he is."

"Oh, no, Auntie, he is not a Christian Scientist, if that is what you mean. He is just a college friend of Mr. St. Clair's."

Early that evening the door bell rang, and Mr. Bradley was ushered in.

"How do you do, Mr. Bradley," Louise said, as she offered him her hand, while a slight flush came into her cheeks. "I'm very glad to see you." Then, turning to her aunt, she continued: "This is my aunt, Miss Taber, Mr. Bradley."

"I had the great pleasure of meeting your niece this summer on the Cape," he said, after the usual greeting, "and I begged the privilege of calling."

"I hope she won't get you interested in this new religion of hers; she has talked nothing else since she came home from the Cape."

"Why, Auntie," broke in Louise, "I have told you all about the splendid time I had with the Ellsworths, and the trips about the Cape, and that

has occupied the greater part of my conversation."

"Well, Mr. Bradley, I hope you have better judgment than to listen to such nonsense," and with this remark she limped from the room, for she was somewhat afflicted with rheumatism.

Louise had never looked lovelier than she did this night. Her eyes flashed from their mysterious depths and a smile hovered around the curves of the scarlet lips, while her rounded arms seemed to fall into charming poses whichever way she turned.

As Raymond found himself alone with her, he felt like taking her into his arms and telling her that he loved her, and that he longed to shield her from such unkind treatment, but something in her manner restrained him.

"So you are going back to college this fall, are you?" he said, seating himself near the fireplace, as she did also, for there was a chill in the September air.

"Yes," she replied; "I have been feeling so perfectly well since I returned that I have made all my plans to finish the course this year."

"I am glad for your sake," he said in a low tone, "but sorry for my own. I had hoped that I might see you often this winter. But it would be extremely

selfish of me to wish you to remain away from college. When did you change your plans?" he asked, with no little show of feeling.

"You remember our talk on individual completeness the day before you left the Cape?" she asked. "I was healed that day. I had been gaining in strength daily since we attended the Christian Science meeting, but I seemed to come into a full realization of health on that day."

"I am indeed glad that you have been healed. You look well and strong. Christian Science seems to be especially successful in healing nervous troubles."

"I am sure if it could heal me," she replied, "as it has, it can heal anything, for the same Principle is operative in all cases. Sin is the chief cause of sickness, and it heals sickness by removing the sin."

"Pray tell me, what sin had you committed to cause such an affliction?" he asked, with an incredulous smile.

"The sin of believing that life and intelligence are in matter, producing pleasure and pain," came the ready reply; "I was healed of that belief during the service in the little church, and I have experienced no pain or discomfort since. But the work was not completed until I realized my individual

completeness the day that I was talking with you. Then I found my strength to be in Mind, not in matter."

"But, Miss Maynard, why is it a sin to believe that life and intelligence are in matter, as you express it?"

"Because it is a mixing of good and evil, which is impurity. Purity, according to Webster, means freedom from foreign admixture. We are commanded not to eat the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Life is Spirit, the opposite of matter. Then for us to believe that life is in matter is to believe that life is in its opposite, an admixture of good and evil—and as long as we believe that life is in matter, so long we are subject to belief in sickness and death. Then," she continued frankly, "I also believed that one child of God differed in character from another child of God; that I as a woman differed from you as a man, for instance; but I found that man is mental, not material. Mind is God, and man is the complete expression of Mind; or, using the words of 'Science and Health,' 'Man is the compound idea of God, including all right ideas; the full representation of Mind'; and 'these ideas are the sons and daughters of God.' There seem to be two ways of approach-

ing God, as I have already said. One is through the intellect or reason; the other is through the feeling or intuition. Some mentalities seem to approach God through love, the Soul-sense, which is Spirit, the feminine activity of Mind. Others seem to approach God through reason, logic or intellect, the masculine activity. They both arrive at the same result finally; the masculine mentality coming to love the God whom he first understands as Principle, and the feminine mentality coming to understand more fully the God whom she has primarily approached through love; but neither one has a perfect idea of God until he or she comes into the complete recognition of the Father-Mother God, who combines in full measure the activity of both intelligence and love. And when the perfect, complete recognition comes—that is, in the advancing experience of the human individual—then the marriage between love and understanding takes place in consciousness. At the start they seem to him as two; yet in reality they were one all the time. When this understanding of God came to me I realized that I had been healed, and I have been strong and well ever since, proving the correctness of this statement. If you start with the nature of God, as spiritual, eternal, perfect and infinite, and

see man as His likeness, you will see man as God sees him, perfect, complete, harmonious and eternal."

"But, Miss Maynard, how can you see man as perfect and complete, when there is so much evidence to the contrary? You are a woman, and I am a man, in spite of your theory. What are you going to do with the evidence of your senses?"

"Through spiritual understanding, I do with the evidence of the senses just what the X-ray does with the flesh, causing it for the most part to disappear from sight. With the light of truth, we penetrate the mask of flesh and mentally behold the real man who is created in the likeness of Spirit."

"As for me, I had rather see you in the flesh a while longer. Come, now, you are too serious. Won't you play for me?" and saying this he arose and led her gently toward the piano, his fine, stalwart figure well matching the tall, lithe one at his side.

Realizing that she must not tire him with this subject which was uppermost in her own mind, and so dear to her heart, she promptly responded to his request, and seating herself at the piano began playing an old familiar song while he joined her in singing. His deep, rich voice thrilled her as he stood by her side, and a strong sense of love crept over

her. All the young men she had ever known had never aroused in her such a sense of admiration. At first she was inclined to stifle the feeling, but she realized that it was a new experience, and she did not know just where to place it, so she left it to its own caprice.

"That is a dear, sweet song," he said, as he seated himself on the sofa near the piano, and watched the fingers as they ran lightly over the keys. The profile of her face was towards him and the beauty of her form and countenance seemed intoxicating to him. Suddenly she paused and faced him. The intense longing in his eyes seemed to hold her spellbound, while her snowy cheeks and neck were dyed with a sudden wave of color. Impulsively he reached out his hand and drew her to him. "Dear little girl, you are a marvelous little witch at the piano, but more of a marvel right here," and he held her close to him. "Louise," he said, hesitatingly—"may I call you by that name? For I am fond of you, and have come to realize that my fondness is more than that of a friend. I shall miss you when you are gone, dear heart; for while I have known you for so short a time, you have given me new inspiration, new life. You have found a place in my heart for yourself that no one else has ever found; you have

won your way there by your own sweet, strong character, your childlike frankness and simplicity."

Louise had heard many an admirer sing her praise, and many a lover's wooing, but never had such words sunk deeply into her heart until now. Nor was his wooing in vain; for, as he told of his great love, he was content with the answer which he read in the depths of the brown eyes which looked with yielding trust into his own. That night, after Mr. Bradley had gone, Louise thought over and over what he had said, and fell asleep thinking of him.

The following morning at the breakfast table, she seemed disinclined to talk, and her aunt, observing her mood, remarked: "You seemed to find enough to talk about to that young fellow last night. I suppose you were trying to convert him to that humbug religion of yours."

"I wish it were mine," responded Louise, trying to control her mingled feeling of joy and sorrow.

"Is he one of your new beaux?" asked her aunt; for Louise had had a number, and her aunt was justified in making this remark.

A faint smile hovered under the drooping lids as she naively replied: "I have known him but a short time. I told you that I met him down on Cape Cod."

"Well, he stayed late enough to be a beau," sharply retorted her aunt.

Louise had all she could do to keep a scientific consciousness, to see only the child of God behind this mask of seeming unkindness. Finally she said: "Suppose he was, would you have any objections, Auntie?"

"Oh, no," replied the maiden aunt, for she had too much pity for herself in her lonely estate to prevent any girl from marrying if she had an opportunity. "I hope you will not just fool with him for a time and cast him aside as you have the others; he seems to be a fine young man." This remark coming from her aunt was unusual, for she usually had nothing good to say of anyone.

After the breakfast dishes were put aside Louise went to her room to study "Science and Health," which she had just procured. "Can I ever see God's image and likeness replacing this hatefulness in my aunt?" she thought; "and yet I must," she affirmed in an undertone. As she fell to studying, she found it difficult to concentrate her thought on her work, for her mind would revert to the night before, and to what Ray had said. "In all my experience with young men, he is the first one whom I admire, who intellectually satisfies me, and at the same time wins

and holds my love," she mused to herself. Presently she pictured the dear little home she might make for him; for this, he had said, was woman's place. While she was thus occupied, an automobile drove up and stopped just beneath her window, and the tooting of its horn attracted her attention, and, looking out from her window to the avenue, she saw Nan Ellsworth alight, and with her Mr. St. Clair. In a moment she was at the door, and the two girls were in each other's embrace.

"You dear girl, when did you come up to the city?" Louise asked, her face aglow with pleasure.

"Just this morning," replied Nan, quite out of breath. "Father and mother have gone out to Newton to attend to opening our home for the winter. And you are going back to college this fall!" she exclaimed. "Isn't that perfectly splendid! When I told mother that you had become entirely well, and expected to return to college, she was overjoyed with the good news, and sent you her dearest love. We have been having just the finest time sailing since you left; we went off on a long trip, and I was not the least bit seasick. Come, get on your cloak and take a little spin out through the Fens with us." And Louise, without a word, bounded off after her wraps.

"I'm going out for a ride with Nan, Auntie; I will be back shortly," she called, as she closed the door.

"How do you do, Mr. St. Clair!" Louise said as she approached the car. "I'm awfully glad to see you," and she reached her hand forward while he grasped it in hearty response.

"You are looking fine, Miss Maynard. Christian Science has been doing great things down on the Cape also. This little girl," looking lovingly toward Nan, "is quite a sailor." And with this, the two girls got into the back seat together.

"It seems so good to have you with me again, and to think that we will be together at college again another year. It seems almost too good to be true."

As they were coming back from riding out through the park Nan said: "Have you seen Ray since your return to the city, Louise?"

"Yes," was the ready response, "he called last evening."

Then leaning forward, Nan called out: "Suppose we go down and get Ray to go out to lunch with us, Charlie."

"All right," came back the reply. Finding Raymond in his office, they invited him to lunch with them and the four drove to a hotel. They all seemed

extremely happy together, and chatted freely of the Cape experiences. Nan and Charlie noticed how devoted Ray and Louise seemed to be to each other, and spoke of it on their way home.

"What a delightful couple," Nan said; "it must have been a case of love at first sight."

"I do not blame either one of them," replied Charlie; "they are equally fine-looking, though very unlike. She quite suits one of his serious turn of mind."

* * * * *

The night before Louise was to leave for college Ray called and spent the evening. He looked handsome, indeed, in a dark gray suit. His heavy black hair was combed back from the white forehead and his deep, impassioned eyes did not try to hide the pent-up feeling which was stirring his inmost soul. As Louise entered the room he thought he had never seen so fair a vision of witchery and loveliness. She wore a delicate rosebud figured muslin, and her dark brown eyes were aglow with a new light, and her cheeks becomingly flushed. Ray looked for a moment at the beautiful form before him; then taking her in his arms, kissed her many times. Louise was hardly prepared for such a demonstration of affection, though she knew that he

loved her. She thought of what Mrs. Ellsworth had told her and she drew slightly away from his embrace.

"Dear heart," he said, and he drew her closer to him, "I love you with the whole love of a lifetime, accumulated together and saved for just you. You answer my every need, Louise," and looking into her deep brown eyes he drank in her very soul. "Tell me again, dear, that you love me, and my joy will be complete."

"Yes, Ray, I do love you," she murmured, "because you are so manly and so noble and refined," and she looked into his eyes, her whole heart laid bare. Thus the evening was spent, planning for the future, when they should marry and have their own home.

CHAPTER VIII

COLLEGE

THE last week of September found all the girls back at college again, after the long summer vacation.

The college was beautifully located, where the Holyoke mountains cross the Connecticut Valley. At the foot of the hills lay the broad, peaceful river and green meadows, and here and there the foliage was putting on its gorgeous autumn coloring. Mrs. Ellsworth had offered in a very generous and sweet way to help Louise through this college year. Indeed, she had offered her a room in a suite with Nan, and, in doing so, had very tactfully said: "My dear, we know in Science that God supplies all our needs, and that He is no respecter of persons; His children all share equally of His bounty. Whatever I have is His, and whatever you need shall be supplied." The girls had separate sleeping rooms, but shared the same study, the bedrooms adjoining the study on either side. Katharine Boynton roomed with a girl from Georgia, and Grace Kennedy roomed with a girl from Brookline, a Miss

Emerson, whom they all knew well. As these girls all had rooms in the same building, they were great friends, and were often together. When there was no placard on the door, or word of warning to keep out, they were usually congregated in Nan's room, as she was generally known to be most hospitably inclined, and all enjoyed her company.

After the girls had gone to their several rooms, Louise said to Nan: "It seems perfectly wonderful, dear, that I am again well and back at college, and here with you; and I have you to thank for it all," great tears of gratitude coming to her eyes. "If you had not invited me to your home this summer, I would have known nothing of Science, and I would still be in bondage."

As Louise retired that first night after her return to college, her heart went out to God in an overwhelming sense of gratitude, and she repeated aloud the One Hundred and Third Psalm: "'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies.' How true this is," she said, and she felt every word in the very depths of her heart.

"How perfectly splendid it is to have you room

with me," said Nan, as Louise came into the study on the following morning, after a good night's rest. "We can read the Science Bible-Lessons together, and help each other to understand the different sections. Mother has tried to explain to me the construction of the Lessons and the method of study, but I cannot seem to grasp the meaning of most of them. Suppose we read the Bible-lesson this morning," she said, turning to get her "Science and Health" and the Bible.

"All right; that is agreeable to me," responded Louise. "What is the subject?"

And Nan, turning the leaves of the Quarterly, said, as she found the page, "God, the Only Cause and Creator," and as they concluded the reading, Louise said, "This is my analysis:

"The first section teaches that God is Spirit and is the only cause and creator, and that the creation is like Him, spiritual.

"The second section that God is Mind and that His creation is mental, and consists of ideas.

"The third section that God is Love, and that His creation must consist of good or loving ideas.

"The fourth section that God is Principle, governing and ruling His universe according to divine law.

"The fifth section that God is the Father and Mother of all, and that man is His complete idea, the perfect and only creation.

"The sixth section that God, being the only creator, man is not a creator, but reflects spiritually all that is like God."

Louise thought a moment. "Man not a creator? Then what does it mean in Genesis, where it says, 'Be fruitful and multiply?' Why it means to multiply or reproduce right ideas in consciousness. Of course! What else could Mind create but ideas? Then when we have right impulses, or right ideas, they are the children of Mind, and we are bidden to be fruitful and multiply right ideas." Here she asked Nan, "Is that what you get from the lesson, dear?"

"Yes, I think I did get that general sense, though it is not clear to me how it can be true," Nan replied.

"Well, it is perfectly plain that creation must be like the creator from whom it proceeds, and if we accept the premise that God is Spirit, Mind, Soul, Life, Principle, Love, His creation must be like Him, spiritual, mental, soulful, eternal, governed by Principle, harmonious, loving and kind. I can't see it in any other way, for there can be no other

logical conclusion. Now it is our business to find out what the spiritual world is, and we can understand the things of God just as well as we can the things of this human world, and I mean to find out what some of them are; at least, I am making a beginning." Just then one of the girls knocked and, without waiting, opened the door and threw some letters on the table. Two were for Nan and one for Louise.

"A letter from Raymond, I think," said Louise, with a slight tone of excitement.

"Isn't he a dear," exclaimed Nan, "to write so soon. He seems so fond of you. I am glad Charlie introduced him to you, so we may share in the pleasure you find in each other's friendship."

"Yes, dear, I have much to thank you for. Ray is such a fine, noble fellow. I am tremendously fond of him. Do you know that we became engaged the night before I came away?" said Louise, the color coming to her cheeks.

"No! And you have kept this secret all this time!" Then Nan took her into her arms and lavished kisses upon her, showing her delighted approval. As Louise read her letter from Ray, the roses came afresh to her cheeks; for he spoke of the last evening spent with her as one of the sweetest

experiences of his life, and of her acknowledged love as having made his world complete.

* * * * *

Eight weeks elapsed, and it was nearing Thanksgiving. Some of the girls who lived near the college were planning to spend the short vacation at home. Nan had invited Louise to spend Thanksgiving with her. It was a week before the holiday, and, as it was raining, several of the girls were congregated in Nan's room, making plans for the coming week. Among the girls was Miss Emerson from Brookline, Grace's room-mate. Nan had just said that Louise was going home with her, and added, "I shall invite Charlie and Ray to spend the day with us."

"Ray who?" queried Miss Emerson.

"Why, Raymond Bradley," replied Nan, as though it could be of no particular interest to her.

"Raymond Bradley!" ejaculated the girl in an enthusiastic tone, "I know him well; he is engaged to one of my dearest girl friends in Brookline, Edith Burbank."

The color left Louise's face and it became chalky white. Nan looked confused, and blunderingly said, "What! Raymond Bradley?" Then she checked herself, and replied, "He is a friend of my fiance,

Charlie St. Clair, and they were out yachting together this summer."

Louise made some excuse and left the room. An unaccountable silence followed, and soon the girls left. Nan was so disturbed she could hardly compose herself. This announcement of Ray's engagement to another girl stunned her. She did not dare to venture into Louise's room, for she did not know how she would take such a blow. So she decided to leave her alone to work it out with Divine Love. For an hour she sat wondering what she could do, or ought to do for Louise, when she heard a sob from the adjoining room; then she ventured to knock gently and enter. Louise had thrown herself on the bed and with her face buried in the pillows was sobbing bitterly.

"Louise, dear, is there anything I can do for you?" ventured the sympathetic, low voice.

"No, Nan, I want to be left alone for a while," came the muffled reply. For hours she lay and sobbed as if her heart would break, and could think of nothing but her great love and disappointment. What could it all mean? Was he so untrue? Could it be that he was false? The more she tried to reason it out, the more bewildered she became. Finally, as the day drew to a close, she arose, and

going to her desk, sat down and wrote these simple words:

Dear Friend: I hear that you are engaged to a young lady in Brookline. Is this report true or false? If true, what have you to say?

Yours in suspense,

LOUISE MAYNARD.

She folded the note, placed it in an envelope, put on a special delivery stamp and addressed it to Raymond Bradley. After washing her tear-stained face and putting on her wraps, she passed through the room where Nan was sitting, without a word. "O! God, what does it all mean?" she cried aloud, as she hurried down the walk toward the letter box. An exulting wind had swept all clouds away, and a clear, full moon, with its thousands of attending stars, rode majestic in the heavens, casting a flood of silver over the earth. The evening's stillness was broken by the katydids. But all these beauties of the night seemed but to chill the sad heart of Louise as she hurried across the campus. "I love him so entirely it will crush me to lose him," she moaned, and as his tall, manly figure and love-filled eyes visioned themselves before her it was with difficulty that she restrained herself from crying aloud.

When she came back to her room, Nan said: "Dear Louise, I am amazed beyond what words can express. I trust there can be some explanation made; it seems as though there must be some mistake."

Louise's heart was too full to discuss the subject, as she felt that nothing but a letter from Ray could possibly give a satisfactory explanation. All night long she lay with sleepless eyes gazing into vacancy. Two days elapsed ere the answer came, and the suffering endured by Louise during those waiting hours need not be described, but its work of awakening a sleeping soul was thorough. Louise was alone when the letter came; anxiously she read the following:

BOSTON, MASS., Nov. —

DEAREST LOUISE:

My whole soul goes out to you at this present moment. I beg of you the indulgence of a patient ear, while I pour out to you my whole heart, which will reveal to you its hidden secrets. Only one of your experience can understand what I have to say, and I believe you will understand, for you have revealed to me the secret struggles in your own life,—how you have been torn between love and duty. Only with you, the sense of duty was uppermost. In my case, my sense of love outstrips, overleaps, and outruns all else, and I beg of you, listen to my plea.

Louise's heart seemed almost petrified, her eyes blurred, and the words of the letter ran together. Could she go on and learn the secret that this letter was to reveal? But she must sooner or later learn all. She must face the truth, be it bitter or sweet. So she braced herself for the worst.

I never knew what love meant until I met you, dear heart, and as true as I live, you alone have that love. This love for you came to me uninvited, I assure you, and after I discovered it, I found there was no way of escape. You will no doubt call me dishonorable to have expressed this love to you, while by verbal promise I was betrothed to another. I should have waited until I was free, before proclaiming my love for you; but human love, you say, is blind to reason and sees nothing but itself. I beg of you indulgence for this blindness, for I believe that I can make it right. I had coldly and intellectually reasoned out what marriage might be from a business standpoint, and forthwith, without consulting my feelings, chose to become engaged to this girl, of whom you have unfortunately heard from another source. No one knows the hours of torture and agony of mind that this situation has brought me, but I feel sure that you are my rightful companion, and in some way it must work out right in the end. Oh, Louise, dear, believe me, when I say that you alone have my love. Would that I were

with you at this moment that I might prove my devotion to you, and soften the cutting blow which this letter must produce.

Ever your devoted

RAY.

Louise sat motionless for a time; then, rising, she staggered to her bedroom door, for she was faint and dizzy. "Oh, God!" she cried aloud, "help me to endure this pain," and she fell on her knees at her bedside and poured out her heart to her Maker.

"Oh, Father-Mother God, Thou alone canst give comfort. Help me to understand what is right, and give me strength to choose Thy will, not mine. I know full well how true it is that whatsoever I have sown, that must I also reap; that with what measure I meted, it shall be measured to me again, full measure, pressed down and running over. I have trifled with the affections of others, and now it has come home; the bird will return to its nest, and the net I laid for others has entangled my own feet. It is all wrong, all wrong. God forgive my blindness."

When Nan came in she found Louise still kneeling, and now and then she could hear a sob from the heartbroken girl. On the floor lay the letter that

told the tale, and she knew that what Miss Emerson said must have been true. With a heart full of sympathy, she knelt down beside Louise, and, putting her arm about her, in a gentle voice said, "Dearie, don't cry. I am sure it will be all right some way."

Louise arose and brushed aside the disheveled curls that fell across her forehead. "I know, Nan, it is very weak of me to display such feeling, but it seems almost more than I can bear," and she burst into tears again. Nan sought to comfort her, but in vain.

"I had rather be alone, dear," said Louise, as soon as she could be sure of her voice, "at least, until I have recovered my self-possession. It is miserably weak for me to break down, and worse to be seen in such a condition."

"Can't I help you in some way?" inquired Nan.

"No, dear; I must work this problem out alone, with God's help."

Nan reluctantly left the room, closing the door softly behind her. As soon as she had gone, Louise reached for her Bible, and, opening to the Psalms, her eyes fell upon these words: "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon the earth that I desire beside thee." She closed the book and

breathed aloud, "I understand, I understand. 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve.'" Then she opened to these words from the Bible, as though it were a message to her: "For I am jealous over you with a godly jealousy, for I have espoused you to one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ. But I fear lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtlety, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ." Also, she turned to the following: "For thy maker is thine husband; the Lord of Hosts is His name, and thy redeemer the Holy One of Israel. The Lord of the whole earth shall he be called." "Surely, that is sufficient answer," she said, and, going to her desk, she penned the following:

DEAR RAY: I regret that I unwittingly came between you and the one to whom you are engaged. From that situation I must now withdraw myself. I earnestly hope that in the working out of this problem you will be divinely guided.

Ever your friend,

LOUISE.

After mailing the letter, Louise returned to her room to fight out the battle, and, turning to "Science and Health" for some thought that would help her,

she opened to these words on page 567: "Truth and Love come nearer in the hour of woe, when strong faith or spiritual strength wrestles and prevails through the understanding of God." "Truth and Love come nearer in the hour of woe," she repeated. It was as though a voice had spoken to her. "Truth and Love are the Father-Mother God. Truth is the divine or spiritual Male, and Love the divine Female, and these come nearer in the hour of woe. Then, instead of losing Truth and Love, I have gained them, for they have come nearer to my experience, and as the reflection of God I am individually complete. What more can I ask or want? What is there more than completeness? I am just as much the masculine idea of God as I am the feminine, and it is my business to find all in God, and when I have found this, I will need no other consciousness. Sorrow is a wrong feeling, for it is unlike God. I must not grieve over any seeming loss." And she raised her hand upward with her two fingers extended, as the sign of protection, uttering these words: "Father-Mother God, of whom I am the reflection, keep Thy child in the consciousness of this completeness;" and as she arose, she stood erect, the master of her own destiny. A strange calmness came over her, and a joy before unknown. Nan noticed the

calm, sweet face as Louise emerged from her room, and she knew that the battle had been fought and the victory won.

CHAPTER IX

THANKSGIVING

IT WAS Thanksgiving morning, and Mrs. Ellsworth had just come into Nan's room, saying, "Good morning, girls; it is nearly time for breakfast, and we do not want to keep father waiting."

"I have had the most glorious night's sleep, mother, in my own bed," said Nan, stretching out at full length. "It seems so good to be home again."

"Yes, dear; it seems good to have you home," her mother said, stooping to kiss her. "The days seem long when you are away, but I try to fill up my time and occupy my thoughts with other things until you get back. I suppose it will not be very long until I shall have to give you up entirely, so I am trying to get used to it. There is nothing like finding one's satisfaction and contentment within!"

This she said for Louise's benefit, for she had learned from Nan of the battle that had been fought and gained.

"I find that to be true, Mrs. Ellsworth," replied Louise, in a gentle voice, "and I am so grateful for

the knowledge of the secret that gives one contentment, for one must find contentment within if one gains any sure hold on it."

"Make haste, girls, and get down to breakfast in just thirty minutes," said Mrs. Ellsworth, as she closed the door.

"What a dear mother I have, and I shall dislike very much to leave her, even for Charlie, when the time comes. I must hurry and get ready for breakfast, or he will be here before I am ready to see him; he is coming early to go to church with us."

"Oh, good!" exclaimed Louise. "So we are going to church this morning, are we?"

"Yes, we always go Thanksgiving morning. Christian Scientists have so much for which to be grateful."

"Louise's heart was a little heavy as she thought of Charlie's coming to spend the day without Ray, but she soon banished all thought of depression, and was cheery and bright as she appeared at the table. "Good morning, Mr. Ellsworth," she said, as she extended her hand to Nan's father in greeting.

"It is some time since I saw you," he replied; "you are looking so much better than you were when you left the Cape."

"Yes, Mr. Ellsworth, I am a new girl, and it is

so dear of you and Mrs. Ellsworth to help me through college. If it were not for your kindness I should still be in the slough of despond, and it is so sweet of you, Mrs. Ellsworth, to invite me here for Thanksgiving," she said, turning toward the other end of the table, where Mrs. Ellsworth was seated.

"Well, dear, you have earned all that you have received by your faithfulness to Science and by the help that you have given to Nancy."

"Yes, mother, Louise has been a great help to me this fall."

"Why, Nan Ellsworth!" said Louise, with an exclamation of surprise. "But I hope I shall do better the next term." No explanation was necessary, for the mother and daughter understood.

As the family arose from the table, the maid announced Mr. St. Clair. The family went to the living room, while Nan went to the parlor to greet him. After a few minutes, she and Charlie came in and joined the others. As Charlie greeted Louise, after having shaken hands with Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth, a lingering look of appeal in his dark eyes smote her heart, tearing open the old wound, filling her eyes with tears in spite of all she could do to suppress them. "I want to talk with you before the

day is over, Louise," he said. "I have a message for you," and he dropped her hand reluctantly, for he liked the girl, and he wanted, if possible, to heal the wound and explain Ray's position.

Louise felt the sympathetic touch, and would have gladly listened to his message if she could have trusted herself, but the wound was too fresh, and the memory of the disappointment too vivid for a word at that time to pass between them. So, with affected brightness, she replied, "After dinner I shall be glad to hear your message."

It was nearing time for the Thanksgiving service. The girls left to prepare for the ride, wrapping well in their furs and tying their veils down securely, for there was a chilly wind blowing, and the air was full of snow.

"This is an ideal day for a New England Thanksgiving," said Nan, as they all stepped out on the porch.

"Yes," replied Louise; "it fills my heart with childish glee to see the first snow fall, though it has a melancholy side, as have most things in nature on the approach of winter."

The leaves had mostly dropped from the trees. Here and there a lone leaf clung tenaciously to a twig, and here and there a bird perched on the same

twig with a leaf, hovering near for protection from the cold wind and approaching storm. The girls had asked not to have the automobile top up, as they enjoyed the dull sky above them, and the snow that kissed their rosy cheeks as they drove against the wind.

"This is our little church," announced Mrs. Ellsworth, with some pride. "It was just finished this fall."

A light stone building, with six pillars supporting the overhanging roof, came into view on their right, as the machine slowed up at a crossing to allow the many people to pass who had just alighted from a street car.

"Are all these people going to the Science Church?" asked Louise.

"I presume they are; we always have a good attendance on Thanksgiving Day," said Mrs. Ellsworth. "Scientists have so much for which to be thankful that they would be ashamed to remain away from such a service, especially when the President of the United States sets aside one day out of the year in which the people are requested to express their thanksgiving to the Almighty for blessings received."

"It is a beautiful custom, considering the material-

ity of the world in general, that one day is set aside in which to acknowledge God as the Source of all supply," replied Louise, her own eyes filling with tears of gratitude.

At a time set apart near the close of the service, many expressed their gratitude for healing from both sin and disease. One little girl arose and in a clear, sweet voice said: "A year ago, my mother was sick, and I had no home, and it did not seem as if I ever would have, but she has been healed by Christian Science, and now we have a home, and I am very grateful to God." There was hardly a dry eye in the house at the close of the service, for many touching experiences had been related.

After the service was over, the Ellsworths hurried home, as they were expecting a number of guests, and in due time they all sat down to a sumptuous dinner.

Having spent an hour after dinner in helping to entertain the guests, Louise and Charlie quietly withdrew to the library, which was across the hall and was quite separate from the other rooms.

"I regret, Louise," he began, with some hesitancy, "that anything has arisen to mar your friendship with Raymond. He is an awfully nice fellow, and a close friend of mine, and he has confided the situa-

tion to me somewhat in detail. He has told me how he became acquainted with a wealthy girl in Brookline some time last winter, and became engaged to her largely from a business sense of things. He had never met a girl that he really loved, and here was a good chance to marry a girl of wealth and social position, and one that he admired in many ways, as she was talented, but he did not love the girl, as he found out, after he met you. Then he was in the position of not wanting to break his engagement until he was sure of you." This rather lengthy explanation he made as if by rote—as if he had heard it many times; then he added, "Ray loves you with his whole heart, and asks 'if he may call while you are here in Newton."

As St. Clair spoke the color came and went in Louise's cheeks. The struggle between desire and duty again began to rage within, but the words of Thecla to Paul in the apocryphal New Testament came vividly to her mind: "Grant me only the seal of Christ, and no temptation shall affect me." "No," she said, "I cannot see him. I see my duty plainly, and I love duty better than I love my own comfort, or pleasure, and I have learned to choose in accordance with reason, for I love the Principle of right, and I am beginning to love the Love that loves all,

and not the selfish love that loves but one. There is no absolute comfort or satisfaction in a love that is not universal. I have loved Raymond. You may tell him so; but at present I must not see him." Her eyes snapped with firm decision, and St. Clair saw plainly that it was useless to press the request further.

"I regret, Louise, that I knew nothing of Raymond's engagement. I might have saved you both this experience."

"You need have no regrets. Although this experience was a most crushing blow to me, it has turned me the more completely to the one Source of love and comfort, and I am satisfied."

Just as she spoke the last words, Nan came into the room. "I have been looking for you, Louise; they want you in the parlor." So the three crossed the hall, Charlie apologizing to Nan and explaining the cause of their absence.

"It's all right, Charlie," said Nan; "only mother wants Louise to play some of her splendid selections to liven things up; you know I don't play her style of music."

"Louise is a puzzle," said Charles to Nan, as Louise went to the piano. "I hardly know what to think of her. She refuses to see Ray while she is here."

"Yes, I know she is quite positive in her decision not to see him," replied Nan.

It was late when Mr. St. Clair left the Ellsworth mansion and took the midnight train into the city. "I wonder if I had better see 'Brad' to-night," he asked himself, as the train drew into the station. "I believe I will," and he stopped on the avenue where Raymond was rooming. He found him smoking and reading.

"Hello, 'Brad!'" he said, as he rather uncere- moniously walked into the room and slapped him on the shoulder. "I thought I would just run in for a moment before going home."

"What is the verdict?" asked Ray, with some show of pent-up emotion.

"Not this trip, old man; she says she can't see you. I tried to explain the situation to her, but it had no effect."

"So she has thrown me over, has she, and refuses my love?"

"Well, not exactly that, for she said she loves you; but she refuses to see you."

"I presume it has something to do with that philosophy of hers."

"I have no doubt; but you know, 'Brad,' it was a mighty risky thing to do, to make love to one girl

when you were engaged to another; a deucedly unmanly thing to do, and I don't know as I blame the girl for doubting your sincerity."

Ray took the merited rebuke without a word, but he threw down his book and strode about the room uneasily. Charlie saw that his remark cut deeply, so he added: "Never mind, old man; it may work out all right yet." Then, looking at his watch, he said: "I must be going; good luck to you, old chap," and he disappeared through the doorway.

"What a mess I have made of the thing," said Ray to himself, as the door closed. "I wonder if I can't make her understand," and he sat down at his desk and began a letter. The wee hours of the morning found him still writing, and rewriting.

CHAPTER X

THE SEX PROBLEM SOLVED

THE vacation had ended, and the girls were again back at college.

"I cannot understand this lesson in calculus, and I always hated mathematics, anyway. I wish I did not have to take this course, but father thinks I need to develop my reasoning powers," said Nan, rather petulantly.

"Why, Nan Ellsworth!" exclaimed Louise. "You know that there is but one source of intelligence, and that is the divine Mind, and you are the perfect expression of that Mind, since you are His likeness. Therefore, you reflect just as much ability to reason as any other child of God, for you manifest the same intelligence. You also know that you reflect divine Love, and do not hate any of the manifestations of intelligence, for intelligence and love are one. They cannot be separated."

"Yes, I know," said Nan. "That is the truth about it."

"Then, you want to be about your Father's business, knowing the truth for yourself."

"I know, dear, you are right; and I shall try not to voice such thoughts again."

"And you had better not think them, either, dear," replied Louise. She had been doing phenomenally well in her own work, and was ready to give Nan any assistance needed, but she wanted the girl to think for herself.

A letter from Ray reached Louise in the morning mail, while the two were engaged in this conversation. Nan recognized the handwriting, but made no comment. Louise was perfectly calm and almost indifferent. At least, the situation was no longer a source of pain, for she had settled the question in her own mind, and his letter only aided her determination.

After reading the letter, Louise sat quietly for some time, as though deep in thought. At last she remarked, as if wishing to avoid speaking of Ray's letter, "I think I will go to my room, as I have a problem to work out." After reading the letter over carefully again, she sat down at her desk near the window and quickly wrote her reply.

When Louise came back, an hour later, Nan said, "What a wonderful change has come over you,

Louise. A month ago you seemed utterly broken-hearted, and to-day you seem not to care. One might deem you fickle, if one did not know you well, and know what it is that is helping you. Tell me, dear, what phase of Truth have you been working on to bring about this change?"

"Do you really want to know my mental processes for the past six weeks, and what conclusions I have reached?"

"Yes, indeed; I am most interested," replied Nan, looking at her friend with a puzzled expression.

"It is a rather long story, but I will try to make it as brief as possible. You would not understand my train of thought unless I gave you first a brief outline of the fundamental ideas that I have worked on. But first of all let me read you Ray's letter. He certainly has a strange conception of the obligations of the marriage relation." The letter was as follows:

BOSTON, MASS., Nov. 25, Midnight.

DEAR FRIEND LOUISE:

St. Clair has just been in to deliver your message, and said that you decline to see me. Louise, I do not understand the need of your refusing. Why

should we not be friends? I accept your brief letter as final, with regard to our engagement. I do not know that I can blame you for your decision, under the circumstances, as I must appear wholly unprincipled in doing as I have. But my love for you came so unexpectedly, and wound itself about my thought of you so completely, that I could not adjust myself rapidly enough to alter the conditions under which I found myself placed. My feeling of love carried me farther and was stronger than my better judgment. You will no doubt say that therein I showed a marked evidence of an unbalanced mind, according to your understanding of balance. Perhaps it was. You may, however, be able to supply my lack. I do not see why it is not foreordained that men should have the marked reasoning ability, and women the intuitive tendency; and that these two should supplement each other. I feel that you have been a great help to me, and why could it not be possible to continue a mental companionship and be friends at least, even if I do marry another? You seem to be my mental mate. Your mentality seems to supplement mine, and my mental outfit, poor as it is, might be of some help to you. We do not need to be married to have this companionship possible. Is there not a spiritual companionship or affinity that exists between two people? I regret that I did not meet you a year sooner, Louise, for you seem to satisfy me completely, and I can see no reason why we should not be good friends. It will harm no one

as long as it is known only to ourselves, and not known to the world. I love you and always shall, for you are my soul-mate, and you alone hold the key that unlocks my mental treasures.

Still your lover and admirer,

RAY.

After having read Ray's letter, Nan exclaimed, "Well, what do you think of such a proposition? I am astonished that Ray would express such ideas even if he entertained them in his secret thought of you. I should think that you would feel indignant."

"No," replied Louise, "I am not, for I have come to know that evil suggestion is not personal, and it will often use another person as a channel to tempt one to do wrong if one is not awake to its evil suggestion. Now, suppose I explain to you my metaphysical reasons for the stand which I have taken, and why I am not indignant and grieved."

"All right," said Nan; "I am ready to listen."

"You know that all reasoning that is not in accord with divine Mind is false reasoning, and all feeling that does not accord with God's nature is false feeling," said Louise. "For instance, if I feel grief, doubt, fear, worry, anger, jealousy, or revenge, my feelings are not reflected from God, but are manifes-

tations of mortal mind. But if I take God as the Source and basis of my feelings, I will have love, joy, and peace, regardless of what happens externally. These are 'fruits of the Spirit.' If I base my reasoning on matter, sin, sickness, poverty, and death, I have started with false premises and can only reach false conclusions, which lead to discord; but if I base my reasoning on the spiritual, eternal, perfect, and infinite, then I reach correct conclusions which tend toward health and harmony.

"So I made up my mind that I would obey God, with my feeling as well as with my reason. I must not only know the Truth, but I must feel the Truth, also. This, I believe, is what is meant by the biblical contrast between 'the letter' and 'the spirit.' We must have both if we would be complete.

"Now, I have learned that if I feel grieved and unhappy, jealous or angry, I am not reflecting my Mother God, and if I do not reflect and honor God, both as Mother and Father, I will become discordant and get sick; for worry, fear, anxiety, grief and ill temper affect the organs of the body and produce inaction or overaction, which in turn produce disease—while love, joy, peace, patience, gentleness, faith, meekness, temperance, are manifesta-

tions of harmony, which is the true law of my being, and if entertained as my only feelings, they result in health.

“Did you ever notice how much more quickly an emotion affects what we call the involuntary actions of the body than a thought does? For instance, fear will instantly cause the heart to beat more rapidly, or almost stop it. Sorrow will start a tear. Shame will cause the face to flush. Worry will wrinkle the face and produce a distressed expression, and, if persisted in, will cause indigestion. A feeling of animal magnetism will produce passion or sex attraction. And yet how little we take into consideration how we *feel*! Many think it is even a virtue to worry, to be anxious, to borrow trouble, to have fear for the future, to entertain remorse, or to grieve over the misdeeds of others; and yet, all the time, in so doing, they are heaping up wrath against the day of wrath, because they are violating the law of right feeling, which is based on the nature of God. God does not feel anything but good, and why should we, His children? Hell is often self-imposed agony. Why should we suffer for being good? What is the use of putting all good people on a cross and leaving them to hang there? Is it God’s way? No. Then, why expect ourselves or

other people that do good things in this world to suffer? It is the old theory of the inevitable cross. I mentally rise in rebellion against it! Of course, there will be crosses to bear, but we do not need to help apply them to others.

“If God is both Father and Mother in one, we must learn to combine the two elements in our own thinking. God is

Father	and	Mother
Intellect	balanced by	Feeling
Principle	balanced by	Love
Truth	balanced by	Soul
Mind	balanced by	Spirit

So man, as the child of God, must combine these qualities, intellect and love, just as they are combined in God.

“When we come into the perfect consciousness of God as He really is, we shall naturally combine these two elements, right reasoning and right feeling. It is only the human mind that seems to separate love and wisdom in activity. But love that is not joined to wisdom is not really love; neither is the wisdom wise that is not joined to love. We find a counterfeit so-called ‘love’ seeking selfish ends continually.

This is not love; it is the very antipode of love; that is, selfishness—the lack of love. Nan, I see this so plainly that I cannot marry a man who manifests such selfishness. What of the girl that Ray is engaged to? Has she changed since he met me? No. Then, if she was good enough to marry before he met me, she is good enough for him to marry now. I realize that I can get along alone better than she can.

“I have been thinking about this whole problem a good deal,” continued Louise. “The human mind seems to counterfeit the divine Mind in the elements that go to make up what we call mind; namely, feeling, intellect, and will. Mortal mind inverts these three elements, and we find self-love, self-justification, and self-will as the opposites of these elements. I may seem to get an understanding of Christian Science, but the question for me to seriously consider is, have I this understanding so that I can make it practical? If my love is not elevated to the level of my understanding, then my understanding falls to the level of my love; for love is the motive power, and I choose where my love is. If my love is still selfish, I use my understanding as a means to a selfish end. But if my love is elevated at the same time with my understanding, then I have

gone into the 'Promised Land.' If I simply see and talk the truth, but do not do it, I have only looked into the kingdom, but have not gone in. Divine love and wisdom are really inseparable, and if one really has wisdom, he has the love of wisdom. I may seem to have the understanding of Science, but if my love is still on the selfish, material plane, I have not the understanding, but an intellectual perception of what the understanding is; and I do not do the will of wisdom, for, my love being on the material plane, causes me to choose to serve self rather than God. But if I understand what good is, and love good supremely, then I am 'born again,' or, as someone has said, the spiritual marriage has taken place in my consciousness. There is a counterfeit sense which may arise, even after we have this understanding of spiritual marriage, which may call itself platonic friendship, free love, or 'affinity,' which is nothing more or less than mental adultery. You remember the first Science meeting that I attended, down at the Cape? I was healed that day of a false sense of love, called 'animal magnetism,' that had possessed me from childhood."

"What do you mean by animal magnetism?" asked Nan.

"I had an unusual amount of physical attraction

for men," said Louise, "which some call love, but which I found that day to be wholly wrong. I do not mean by this that I ever had what people would ordinarily call an impure impulse or thought. However, I now know that it was from the same root of evil, spreading all over my body the false belief that life was in matter for pleasurable sensations and emotions when I came in contact with men, and it seemed to work somewhat on the order of an electric battery. Mesmer says: 'Animal bodies are susceptible to the influence of this agent, disseminating itself through the substance of the nerves.' Many men and women have mistaken this phase of animal magnetism, this thrill that goes over the body from contact with one of the opposite sex, and accompanying emotions of glamour and romanticism, for love. They have not recognized these emotions as of the flesh, but have enthusiastically thought that they are holy and God-given, and have married on this basis. But after this sensation and attendant emotions have spent their novel force, as they do, largely or wholly, soon after marriage, the couple find themselves unaccountably loathing and hating each other; and, finding no mental interests in common, they drift apart, and so marriage often ends in separation, or in years of quarreling, or of mental

armed neutrality, or of stoical indifference, unless the couple have enough wisdom and force of character to re-establish themselves on a higher basis and to learn to love on the mental and spiritual plane, not considering their own temporary happiness while they are learning, but considering the good of society and their own ultimate good and happiness. Another argument of animal magnetism is, that the female form and a pretty face have charms for men in a different sense than they do for women or for an artist. Anything that pertains to the flesh is not of God. True beauty is in Mind, not in matter. Beauty of character is the only thing that is beautiful to Mind, and we can find this everywhere if we look for it. St. John declares that 'the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world; and the world passeth away, and the lust thereof.' I never could bring myself to marry on the basis of physical attraction, but I carried on many a flirtation from that motive, and had no distinct sense of wrongdoing; in fact, I often thought that I was exercising a power which God had given me; but, after hearing that lesson read that morning on the Cape, I said to myself: 'If man is the image and likeness of God, then I am individually com-

plete,' and my recovery from nervous exhaustion began that day."

"How perfectly splendid your reasoning is, Louise; you are a born logician," said Nan, who, nevertheless, was somewhat perplexed by her conclusions, and she asked, with some excitement, "Then, you do not believe in human marriage?"

"Why, yes, dear; at least, I do not condemn it. That is just the thing that I was about to speak of. It seems perfectly ideal for you and Charlie to marry, but it would not be ideal for me to marry Ray; for I think the basis of our union would not be sufficiently mental or spiritual. I tried to get him to understand Science, but he did not seem to grasp it, and there is too much of a sense of physical attraction between us. Man, the child of Mind, is mental, not physical, and we must aim to reflect the perfect God in Mind-qualities, whether we be married or single. Human marriage does not relieve one from this responsibility. The unhappiness in married life is largely due to the fact that either the man or the woman is not mentally balanced, or neither of them are; so that each does not reflect the completeness of the Father-Mother God. True it is that Jesus said, 'In the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage,' but the mental process by which

we arrive at the resurrection, when we shall 'be as the angels,' is quite far away from what is ordinarily thought of as the marriage problem of to-day, although this principle will solve every kind of a marriage problem. The real problem is largely a mental one, and is open to any and all to solve. Indeed, it is imperative that all should accept the ideal of individual completeness, whether they be married or single, for it is the only way in which we all shall arrive at well-balanced mental processes, and this is the only salvation. No one can escape it, for it is the divine law of God, worked out in orderly processes of right thinking. Take a home, for instance, in which both the father and the mother are well balanced. The wife is a good thinker, and the husband is a good lover; in other words, the wife is able both to feel right and to think right, and the husband is able both to reason correctly and to have right feelings regarding the home. They are better companions than they would be if the wife were full of emotions or intuitions which she could not explain or understand, by which, nevertheless, she wished to govern the home; and if the husband, on the other hand, claimed the right to do the thinking for the family, and to have the family governed solely by his thought, as is so often the case. Un-

less they are both mentally balanced they are not really good companions, for they do not enter into the enjoyment of each other's mental activities. They cannot understand each other, for they live in different mental worlds. In proportion as each reflects God more completely, they must be better companions. The ideal marriage relation is the dearest and most unselfish condition that we can have at the present time on the human plane, if the conditions are right. But the law of individual completeness must be worked out sometime, somewhere, by all, and I believe that the present marital unrest and the increase of divorces in the courts are indications of women's demand for equal rights with men, from which they have been deprived for centuries. Do you understand?"

"I see, in a way, what you mean," replied Nan, with some hesitancy.

"Suppose a wife has a very generous disposition," continued Louise, "and believes it to be a virtue to give largely of her supply. Suppose her husband is a very frugal man, believes frugality to be a chief virtue, and saves and economizes, but every cent he can save in some way or other disappears, and he can hardly understand why, until at last he discovers

that his wife is generous to the point of almost impoverishing him, in spite of all that he can do. Words of difference arise between them; she has one ideal, he another, and each one is equally sure of being right. The result is constant discord in the home. Now, to bring about harmony in that home it is simply necessary to bring these two good qualities, generosity and frugality, to a balance in the consciousness of each, by showing the wife that her feeling of generosity needs tempering with reason and judgment, and by showing the husband that frugality is not of itself a virtue, if not balanced with a feeling of generosity. So we find that the way to correct the evil of any unbalanced mentality is neither by getting married, nor by remaining single, but by getting the balance of *feeling* and *reason* established in the individual consciousness. I realize in part my mental completeness, and this girl that Ray is engaged to probably does not realize it for herself. This consciousness of my individual completeness healed me of any sense of sorrow or separation; for if I am truly wise I cannot be separated from love, which is from God, and not from a human source. If I am truly loving, I cannot be separated from wisdom, which is also from God,

and not from any other source. Now, you know why I am no longer grieved over this seeming separation from Ray."

"Yes, I see, but I don't understand how you could reason all this out for yourself."

"Your dear mother helped me to understand this, and pointed out to me many helpful statements in 'Science and Health' and the Bible; and 'The inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding,' Job says. Would you like to have me read the letter I wrote to Ray?" asked Louise.

"Yes, indeed," replied Nan, with much enthusiasm.

"Well, here it is," said Louise, and she read the following:

DEAR FRIEND RAY:

Your letter is just received, and its contents somewhat surprised me. You say that I might be able to supplement your mentality, even if you do marry this other girl, and that you might supplement mine, we thereby becoming mental companions. You do not seem to realize that all qualities of mind are universal, and that no one completely possesses them save God, and His Christ. It is the work of each person to get mental qualities balanced in his or her own mental activity. For instance, your first choice was controlled by intellect or reason, without much

love, while your last choice was controlled by love, without much reason; at least, so you say. So, you see, no person could supply your need, for you simply did not get reason and love together in your own consciousness in either case. As long as you are looking to the human mind for this balance, you will never find it, for this balance is in God, the divine Mind, and nowhere else. I explained the individual completeness of man to you while we were down on the Cape, but you seem to have gotten a perverted sense of what I said. This is simply a phase of the devil's ingenuity, trying to perpetuate the belief that necessary qualities of mind are separate, and that one person can supply one sort while another can supply another sort, thus introducing the argument of mental association with the opposite sex as a solution, through mental affinity, free love, platonic friendship, or whatever you may call it, and that this sort of thing is legitimate and will satisfy the human craving. I can see plainly that such procedure would work out in broken hearts, disrupted families, and havoc generally. God alone is the source of the perfectly balanced mind; it is not to be found in the sex relationship.

Then you suggest that we keep this relation secret. Anything that we need to conceal is evidently wrong, for evil always hides itself. The first thing that Adam and Eve did after their fall was to try and hide from the Lord. But, remember, "There is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed," for it is

in relation to God that the wrong is committed, whether men know of it or not.

‘When we realize that Life is Spirit, never in or of matter, this understanding will expand into self-completeness, finding all in God, good, and needing no other consciousness’ (Science and Health, page 264).

Sincerely your friend,

LOUISE MAYNARD.

After Louise finished reading the letter, Nan said: “You answered him just right. Such a subtle argument as he presents, just such a loose moral standard, is the cause of much of the trouble and unhappiness in the marriage relation, for it is based on selfishness.”

“Indeed it is; yet it comes in the guise of good and would deceive the very elect,” said Louise. “I have had enough experience with men to know the subtlety of their arguments along the line of platonic friendship, and I also know that platonic friendship is wholly unwise, unless the two intend to marry. Ray certainly meant no harm by what he said, but it is a wrong ideal for people of this world to follow, for human nature is too weak to keep a close association with one of the opposite sex on a purely mental plane indefinitely. When thrown frequently in close

relations with one whom it thinks it loves, the human mind becomes subject to personal mesmerism, and the sex instinct is aroused into action as surely as it allows such a relation to exist. No, I do not believe that Ray meant to be untrue, but *I thank God that I have escaped!*" continued Louise. "No platonic affection for me: it presents too many temptations. The argument that a woman must necessarily have the companionship of men to be complete, and *vice versa*, is of the carnal mind, and is not of spiritual origin, however much it may seem to the contrary. It is the seeking for completeness and satisfaction from mortal mind, instead of from the divine Mind, and we will never solve the sex problem that way.

"The person who has accepted the ideal of being individually complete, and has attained anything like a balanced activity between his intellect and his feelings as a result of taking the divine Mind, the Father-Mother God, as a model, may still be human enough to marry, but can also live a complete, happy, and useful life unmarried, and in either case is sure to have all his or her impulses pertaining to sex sufficiently under control so that they will not bring him or her into unhappiness or suffering. There is no other real solution of the sex problem. No other attempted solution is really worth con-

sidering. If the right ideal is accepted and worked toward, it is probably better, for the present, that men and women should work out life's problem together, rather than separately, so far as circumstances permit; but none need feel cut off from the fullness of life if the right opportunity of marriage does not present itself."

CHAPTER XI

CHRISTMAS

"A mind all wisdom, knowing how justice and love to blend,
A Teacher, loving, patient, kind, my Father, Mother, Friend."
—Anon.

WHEN Christmas arrived the girls all went to their several homes for the holidays. Charles St. Clair spent the day at the Ellsworths with Nan.

"Your mother has been indeed a mother to me this winter," he said to his sweetheart. "I could hardly have gotten on without her during your absence. She has made the difficult problems of life so clear, and I have become tremendously interested in Christian Science. I told you in my last letter that I had been attending the meetings at the church in Boston, and I have found them very helpful. Do you know, I had not been in a church for five years until I commenced going to the Science church, and I have not missed a service since."

Nan's face was aglow with joy at the good news.

"I am so glad, Charlie, for I, too, have grown greatly interested in the understanding of Science this fall, and we can work out our problems together according to Principle. Louise has been a great help to me in applying the Principle in my college work." Then she paused for a moment, and it was evident to Charlie that she had more to say, so he waited expectantly. Then she continued: "Emerson says, 'There can never be deep peace between two spirits, never mutual respect, until in their dialogue each stands for the whole world;' in other words, there can never be perfect harmony between two individuals until each one understands and loves the perfect whole. You and I can never be perfect companions and perfectly understand each other until we each know that we are perfect and complete in God. Louise has led me to understand that a perfectly balanced mind is one that reflects both the intellect and the feeling, qualities of Mind, and if these two are not balanced in the individual consciousness, the husband or wife who lacks such balance is sure to do some stupid, one-sided thing which the other cannot admire. What I was about to say in this connection was this: After we are married, I shall try to maintain completeness in my own consciousness as much as

I can, and not become too dependent upon you, but have my mental poise and balance in God. If I depend upon you to supply my mental deficiency, I shall never learn to know God as He is, for He is the perfect Mind, combining all. Neither should you feel that you must carry the whole burden of responsibility, doing all the reasoning and intellectual work for the family. I must learn to think for myself, so that I will enjoy the things that you are interested in, and you will enjoy the things that I am interested in; and if you feel my joy and my love, then we shall be perfect companions. Do you understand my meaning?"

"Yes," replied Charlie, "I think I do."

"The tendency of marriage," said Nan, "has been to make a woman more feminine, and a man more masculine—the clinging vine and the sturdy oak' idea, which is not the ideal companionship in this day and age, nor is it mutually helpful. But each one should grow more complete in himself or herself, thus being a better companion for the other."

"There was a party given at college in which each person represented some virtue of character, and each one was dressed to represent a virtue. The peacemaker of the evening was supposed to be on the watch for any quarrels or disagreements among

the people present, and each one was supposed to follow out his or her part. Peacemaker observed that Benevolence and Wisdom did not speak, and she immediately went to Benevolence to find out what was the cause of estrangement. Benevolence made reply, 'Oh, there is no trouble; only we have never met.' So we often find that two virtues that should associate have never met in the mentalities of many people. We should be watchful that these qualities, so essential to each other, meet in our lives.

"I will read you a table of balanced qualities which Louise and I use merely as suggestions," said Nan. "Some of these qualities are human, in that they fall short of the absolute. The perfect balance of mind is not the combination of human qualities, but of divine qualities. But 'on the way there' these may be regarded as legitimate, though not absolute, the same as harmony in the body, which we call health, is not the absolute and final estate, but it demonstrates here and now the law of God, the law of harmony. So the good qualities of the human mind come under the same universal law of God.

“The following is our table:

<i>Feminine Qualities</i>	<i>Masculine Qualities</i>
Feeling	balanced by Intellect
Love	balanced by Wisdom
Meekness	balanced by . . . Aggressiveness
Courage	balanced by Caution
Freedom	balanced by . . . Guilelessness
Patience	balanced by . . . Perseverance
Tenderness	balanced by . . . Resoluteness
Joy	balanced by . . . Temperance
Faith	balanced by . . . Understanding
Gentleness	balanced by Strength
Intuition	balanced by Reason
Generosity	balanced by Frugality
Repose	balanced by Energy
Sincerity	balanced by . . . Magnanimity
Zeal	balanced by Discretion
Ambition	balanced by . . . Unselfishness
Charity	balanced by Justice
Candor	balanced by Reticence
Aspiration	balanced by Humility
Independence	balanced by . . . Consideration
Confidence	balanced by Reserve
Benevolence	balanced by . . . Discrimination
Industry	balanced by Honesty
Liberty	balanced by . Obedience to Law

"You, perhaps, think this prosaic, and so it is, as the schools would teach it, but there is added the application of a fundamental Scientific principle to human mental experiences and mental action," said Nan. "A person, for instance, if sincere and not magnanimous, would be narrow and petty in his thought. A person who is meek and not aggressive would never make much headway in the world. A person who loves liberty and is not governed by divine law becomes reckless. Intuition, if not balanced by reason, is not to be depended upon. A patient person must also be persevering while he waits or his patience will cause him to become indifferent. So with every quality, there is a requisite companion quality which balances it, in order to produce perfected thought and action. Is that clear to you, Charlie?"

"Yes, I believe I understand what you mean, and it is very interesting. We will try it and see how it works out."

"Of course, as I have already said, this table that I have been reading to you is not the absolute," said Nan, "but may be regarded as the application of Science to human experience, as 'a voice crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord.'"

"I gather from what I have learned of Science

and from what you have been saying," said Charles, "that the truth of the matter is about as follows: True marriage for us is not a question of possessing each other physically, but of aiding each other to find self-completeness in Mind. Our aim should be to become, not more and more, but less and less dependent upon each other as the years go by, helping each other toward becoming dependent upon God alone. I need to gain more of your Soul-sense, more of your spiritual love; and you need, perhaps, to gain more of the rationality which I, as a man, reflect from God. Only in proportion as we reach the same completed and balanced sense of God, or good, in theory and practice, are we truly and completely one in understanding, in ideals, in purposes, and enjoyments. Anything that is not in this direction can bring no real happiness and amounts to very little."

"That is fine," said Nan. "You have seen the point exactly, and I am very glad. By the way, suppose we go to the Science service to-morrow. I want you to meet some of the Scientists here in Newton."

"I shall be glad to go," said Charles.

The next morning found them at the Science church. Nan was glad to be back again in the

little church, and to greet her friends as she caught sight of their happy, familiar faces all about her. The service also had a deeper meaning to her than when she went away in the fall. She had awakened to the spiritual order of life and its meaning and had been "born again, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God," as St. John expresses it. As an only child she had been indulged in every wish. She had come to unconsciously demand the attention of everyone about her, and to wish everything to be done in her way. She was unselfish to a fault when it came to liberality in sharing her material possessions, but had been self-centered, and self-willed. This disposition she had largely overcome.

The lesson-sermon was on "Soul and Body." From the reading Nan could detect that the First Reader had a very good understanding of the letter of Science, but he lacked the warmth of the Spirit. His reading did not seem to appeal to the feelings of the hungry audience. To him, the words that he read were "law and gospel," laid down according to Principle, but he did not make them reach out into the hearts of men and women hungry for the healing Spirit of the Christ. One could hear the words and think of them as correct and true, but

they failed to sink in, because they lacked the motive power of Love and of the Spirit. The thought came to Nan, "He lacks the feminine quality of Mind, the Soul-sense; he is not complete in his expression; he only presents half of the real man to his audience, and we feel the lack, but few understand why. Louise is correct in her analysis of human nature. Men often seem to lack certain qualities of the mind, such as Soul-feeling and love." Then she involuntarily listened to the woman who was the Second Reader, to see what she would manifest, and she found that her reading showed much more feeling. It seemed to reach the hearts of the listeners, but not to possess markedly the quality of making them think. Here was an excellent example of the two elements of Mind manifest side by side, and yet all the love and spirit that the woman had could not supply the lack of it in the man, and all the understanding that the man had could not supply the lack in the woman; they must each possess both, if they would perfectly reflect God.

As they were riding home after the service Nan said to Charlie: "I do not mean to criticize the readers in the church, but I could not help thinking that they illustrate the two types of mentality. The gentleman read with understanding, but without

much love, and the lady read with much feeling, but not with much understanding. She probably has an intuitional sense of the meaning of what she read, but would find difficulty in explaining it clearly to others."

"I thought of it myself," said Charlie. "What you said to me last night along that line opened my eyes."

"Yes," said Nan. "And I have noticed this difference in practitioners. Some work mentally entirely along the line of feeling or realization, while others work more through reasoning or argument. But both methods would seem to be necessary, at least at some times. Did you understand the meaning of the section of the lesson which referred to the body as being the counterfeit of the real man, and which showed that the material sense must be translated back into the spiritual? 'Exchanging the objects of sense for the ideas of Soul,' were the words read from page 269, 'Science and Health.' I have often referred to them in my own mental work."

"No, I do not think it is clear to me about the body," said Charlie. "How can it act if it is not alive? And what is the body if it is not the man?"

"Well, the way I have explained the material sense of body and its action to my own satisfaction is this: In the first place, it seems that the body, as we see it, is made up of sugar, salt, iron, lead, and eighty-five per cent of water. We know that these elements, chemically analyzed, are not alive. We eat the vegetable and mineral substances from the table, and before we eat them they are cooked to death, if they ever had any life. Then, these substances become a part of the body which we call man. Now, they are no more alive than they were before, but they come under the law of mortal mind and act according to the mind that governs them. If you ask, how can dead matter act? the answer is, it acts the same as a shadow will move according to the action of the object which casts the shadow. But just stop and think, what is a shadow? It is simply the absence of the light. If the world was absolutely filled with light there would be no shadows. So, in the spiritual consciousness, there is no matter. Matter is but the seeming absence of spiritual light. The shadow of man, limited to a material sense of man, is as unreal as the shadow we see before us as we walk away from the light. The shadow moves and does in a grotesque manner everything that we do;

So the body is but the shadow of the personality. But, if you wish to understand what is really being done, you will not find out by examining the shadow. So with a man. We cannot find out very completely what is going on in the mind by examining the body; but we know that if the body is discordant, there is discord in the mind. Then we begin to ask ourselves, What have we been thinking or feeling that would cast a shadow of discord? When full spiritual light or understanding comes, matter will disappear. In proportion as we translate the material sense of the universe and man back into Spirit, 'man and the universe will be found harmonious and eternal,' as you can read on page 209 of 'Science and Health.' It is the Soul-sense that perceives the real universe and comprehends it, not the five physical senses."

"Well, I shall have to study that out for myself, I suppose," said Charlie. It takes time for a man to reason these things out, even after he has the Principle. You women may get these ideas inspirationally, but we men are rational beings, you say, and must take time to think them out."

"All right," returned Nan; "I will leave you to think it out."

The auto had just reached the Ellsworths, and as

Charlie had an engagement, he left Nan waving a good-bye from the veranda.

* * * * *

Nan's Christmas vacation was one of pleasure and real profit, for she gained much spiritual help from her mother. She also spent much time in planning for the wedding that was to take place in June. "I realize," she said to her mother, "that people who are married from the human, selfish standpoint are often very unhappy, and I want to overcome this belief of selfishness that I have seemingly had all my life. And I have tried to make it clear to Charlie what the real companionship is that I now understand should exist between husband and wife. He is just a dear, and I am glad that he has gained some understanding of Science; it will make it so much easier for me to think right."

After two weeks at home, Nan returned to college, full of energy and enthusiasm for her last term.

CHAPTER XII

TWO WEDDINGS

IT WAS June. The winter months had passed, and spring with its sweet promises had come and gone. The interior of the Ellsworth mansion was a bower of roses and ferns, and all was in readiness for the wedding. Carriages and automobiles were coming and going, bringing guests from the station and from the homes, and all of Newton was astir. Besides the three college girls who visited Nan the summer before, there were three other bridesmaids—all dressed in white, wearing picture hats trimmed with white roses, with just a touch of green here and there. Nan had requested them all to wear white, as it typified the thought of purity. The decorations in the parlors were of white and green. The drawing room color scheme was pink and green. The dining room was all in white, except a massive bunch of crimson roses in the center of the table. The library was undecorated, save that here and there a vase of roses gave forth a fragrance suggestive of their presence. Awnings were stretched over the

lawn and from these hung vines and oriental lanterns.

The bride was dressed in white satin and wore pearls, and the dainty veil was caught back with a jasmine blossom, and she carried a shower bouquet of jasmynes.

As the bridal party slowly descended the broad stairway to the strains of sweet music, Louise, who led the procession, caught sight of Raymond Bradley, who was one of the ushers, in the hall below. It was the first time she had seen him since she had heard of his engagement, and the color crept into her cheeks as she passed him, but there was no look of recognition, for she kept her eyes straight before her. "How sweet and pure she looks," he thought, as she passed by. She had grown almost angelic under the disciplining of the past year. She wore a look that forbade even a mental touch, as if an invisible force of character from some unknown world possessed her. Following the bridesmaids was Nan, leaning on her father's arm. She, too, seemed transformed and almost spiritual. Charles St. Clair met the bride at the altar, which was a bower of white roses. After the preliminaries of the ceremony came the words, which could be heard by all: "I pronounce you husband and wife." At this

moment a verse from the Psalms came clearly to Louise: "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." And a strange peace filled her heart.

After the ceremony was finished and congratulations had been offered, an hour was passed in merriment without a ripple to disturb the harmony of the occasion. Louise saw nothing more of Ray.

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During this same month of June another fashionable wedding took place in Brookline, in which the promising young lawyer, Raymond Bradley, was a conspicuous figure.

Louise had just finished reading in the morning paper a glowing account of the brilliant wedding, and was sitting thinking over the events of the past year, when the door bell rang and a strange man was shown in by her aunt. He appeared like a laboring man, though frail, and Louise wondered what brought him there.

"My name is Garrett," he announced. "Mr. Bradley sent me to you for help." After taking a seat which Louise offered him, he continued. "I understand, Miss Maynard, that you have been healed through Christian Science, and that you have helped others."

"Yes," said Louise; "I was healed through the understanding of Christian Science nearly a year ago, and I have enjoyed perfect health ever since. I shall be glad to help you, and if you experience a quarter part of the good that I have you will realize that you have gained much."

"I have been ill for some time with consumption," said Mr. Garrett, "and the doctors say they can do no more for me. They have given me up to die, but I need to live to take care of my large family. It does not seem right that I should leave my wife alone to bring up the children. Mr. Bradley tells me that you can heal me through your prayers to God. I am a poor man, as I have been sick so long, but if I get well I will be glad to pay you. I used to work for Mr. Burbank out in Brookline—Mr. Bradley's father-in-law, you know—but since I have been sick they do not want me any more. So I have had no work for some time."

For a moment the sight of the sick man before her and the sense of responsibility nearly overwhelmed Louise with fear, but she remembered that, as one spiritually awakened, she reflected the Father-Mother God, Intelligence and Love, and these words came to her from "Science and Health": "Divine Science resolves things into thoughts, and

"You, perhaps, think this prosaic, and so it is, as the schools would teach it, but there is added the application of a fundamental Scientific principle to human mental experiences and mental action," said Nan. "A person, for instance, if sincere and not magnanimous, would be narrow and petty in his thought. A person who is meek and not aggressive would never make much headway in the world. A person who loves liberty and is not governed by divine law becomes reckless. Intuition, if not balanced by reason, is not to be depended upon. A patient person must also be persevering while he waits or his patience will cause him to become indifferent. So with every quality, there is a requisite companion quality which balances it, in order to produce perfected thought and action. Is that clear to you, Charlie?"

"Yes, I believe I understand what you mean, and it is very interesting. We will try it and see how it works out."

"Of course, as I have already said, this table that I have been reading to you is not the absolute," said Nan, "but may be regarded as the application of Science to human experience, as 'a voice crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord.'"

"I gather from what I have learned of Science

and from what you have been saying," said Charles, "that the truth of the matter is about as follows: True marriage for us is not a question of possessing each other physically, but of aiding each other to find self-completeness in Mind. Our aim should be to become, not more and more, but less and less dependent upon each other as the years go by, helping each other toward becoming dependent upon God alone. I need to gain more of your Soul-sense, more of your spiritual love; and you need, perhaps, to gain more of the rationality which I, as a man, reflect from God. Only in proportion as we reach the same completed and balanced sense of God, or good, in theory and practice, are we truly and completely one in understanding, in ideals, in purposes, and enjoyments. Anything that is not in this direction can bring no real happiness and amounts to very little."

"That is fine," said Nan. "You have seen the point exactly, and I am very glad. By the way, suppose we go to the Science service to-morrow. I want you to meet some of the Scientists here in Newton."

"I shall be glad to go," said Charles.

The next morning found them at the Science church. Nan was glad to be back again in the

little church, and to greet her friends as she caught sight of their happy, familiar faces all about her. The service also had a deeper meaning to her than when she went away in the fall. She had awakened to the spiritual order of life and its meaning and had been "born again, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God," as St. John expresses it. As an only child she had been indulged in every wish. She had come to unconsciously demand the attention of everyone about her, and to wish everything to be done in her way. She was unselfish to a fault when it came to liberality in sharing her material possessions, but had been self-centered, and self-willed. This disposition she had largely overcome.

The lesson-sermon was on "Soul and Body." From the reading Nan could detect that the First Reader had a very good understanding of the letter of Science, but he lacked the warmth of the Spirit. His reading did not seem to appeal to the feelings of the hungry audience. To him, the words that he read were "law and gospel," laid down according to Principle, but he did not make them reach out into the hearts of men and women hungry for the healing Spirit of the Christ. One could hear the words and think of them as correct and true, but

they failed to sink in, because they lacked the motive power of Love and of the Spirit. The thought came to Nan, "He lacks the feminine quality of Mind, the Soul-sense; he is not complete in his expression; he only presents half of the real man to his audience, and we feel the lack, but few understand why. Louise is correct in her analysis of human nature. Men often seem to lack certain qualities of the mind, such as Soul-feeling and love." Then she involuntarily listened to the woman who was the Second Reader, to see what she would manifest, and she found that her reading showed much more feeling. It seemed to reach the hearts of the listeners, but not to possess markedly the quality of making them think. Here was an excellent example of the two elements of Mind manifest side by side, and yet all the love and spirit that the woman had could not supply the lack of it in the man, and all the understanding that the man had could not supply the lack in the woman; they must each possess both, if they would perfectly reflect God.

As they were riding home after the service Nan said to Charlie: "I do not mean to criticize the readers in the church, but I could not help thinking that they illustrate the two types of mentality. The gentleman read with understanding, but without

much love, and the lady read with much feeling, but not with much understanding. She probably has an intuitional sense of the meaning of what she read, but would find difficulty in explaining it clearly to others."

"I thought of it myself," said Charlie. "What you said to me last night along that line opened my eyes."

"Yes," said Nan. "And I have noticed this difference in practitioners. Some work mentally entirely along the line of feeling or realization, while others work more through reasoning or argument. But both methods would seem to be necessary, at least at some times. Did you understand the meaning of the section of the lesson which referred to the body as being the counterfeit of the real man, and which showed that the material sense must be translated back into the spiritual? 'Exchanging the objects of sense for the ideas of Soul,' were the words read from page 269, 'Science and Health.' I have often referred to them in my own mental work."

"No, I do not think it is clear to me about the body," said Charlie. "How can it act if it is not alive? And what is the body if it is not the man?"

"Well, the way I have explained the material sense of body and its action to my own satisfaction is this: In the first place, it seems that the body, as we see it, is made up of sugar, salt, iron, lead, and eighty-five per cent of water. We know that these elements, chemically analyzed, are not alive. We eat the vegetable and mineral substances from the table, and before we eat them they are cooked to death, if they ever had any life. Then, these substances become a part of the body which we call man. Now, they are no more alive than they were before, but they come under the law of mortal mind and act according to the mind that governs them. If you ask, how can dead matter act? the answer is, it acts the same as a shadow will move according to the action of the object which casts the shadow. But just stop and think, what is a shadow? It is simply the absence of the light. If the world was absolutely filled with light there would be no shadows. So, in the spiritual consciousness, there is no matter. Matter is but the seeming absence of spiritual light. The shadow of man, limited to a material sense of man, is as unreal as the shadow we see before us as we walk away from the light. The shadow moves and does in a grotesque manner everything that we do;

So the body is but the shadow of the personality. But, if you wish to understand what is really being done, you will not find out by examining the shadow. So with a man. We cannot find out very completely what is going on in the mind by examining the body; but we know that if the body is discordant, there is discord in the mind. Then we begin to ask ourselves, What have we been thinking or feeling that would cast a shadow of discord? When full spiritual light or understanding comes, matter will disappear. In proportion as we translate the material sense of the universe and man back into Spirit, 'man and the universe will be found harmonious and eternal,' as you can read on page 209 of 'Science and Health.' It is the Soul-sense that perceives the real universe and comprehends it, not the five physical senses."

"Well, I shall have to study that out for myself, I suppose," said Charlie. It takes time for a man to reason these things out, even after he has the Principle. You women may get these ideas inspirationally, but we men are rational beings, you say, and must take time to think them out."

"All right," returned Nan; "I will leave you to think it out."

The auto had just reached the Ellsworths, and as

Charlie had an engagement, he left Nan waving a good-bye from the veranda.

* * * * *

Nan's Christmas vacation was one of pleasure and real profit, for she gained much spiritual help from her mother. She also spent much time in planning for the wedding that was to take place in June. "I realize," she said to her mother, "that people who are married from the human, selfish standpoint are often very unhappy, and I want to overcome this belief of selfishness that I have seemingly had all my life. And I have tried to make it clear to Charlie what the real companionship is that I now understand should exist between husband and wife. He is just a dear, and I am glad that he has gained some understanding of Science; it will make it so much easier for me to think right."

After two weeks at home, Nan returned to college, full of energy and enthusiasm for her last term.

verse to be spiritual, instead of material; eternal, instead of temporal; infinite, instead of finite. This spiritual discernment is called the Soul-sense. Soul stands opposed to physical sense at every point. If we have any condition of inharmony of sight or hearing, we should turn to God as Soul; for it is the province of Soul to see, hear, or feel spiritually. Mrs. Eddy says, on page 269 of our text-book, 'Science and Health': 'Metaphysics exchanges the objects of sense for the ideas of Soul.' Again she says, on page 60 of 'Miscellaneous Writings': 'Every material belief hints the existence of spiritual reality.' So, by reversal of material sense, we find Soul-sense as the only real sense, both of God and of man in His image and likeness.

"If we have a condition of inaction or stoppage of action, or the belief of death to overcome, we turn to God as Life, the source of all action and being. And by realizing that God is Life eternal we overcome the appearance of death.

"If we have discordant conditions arising from false law, disorder, involuntary action, material beliefs, and the like, we turn to God as Principle, the only law-giver, the ruler of the universe and man; and by knowing that God rules in perfect harmony all of His ideas we establish harmony in

our sense of man and his activity and thereby overcome any inaction or discordant action, such as indigestion, congestion, or heart trouble.

"If we have claims of sin, mistaken beliefs with regard to the origin of existence, and thus fall into errors and believe lies, we turn to God as Truth, as that which is eternal. Only that which is eternal is true, and anything that is not eternal is not true. Thereby we know Truth from error and seek to overcome all that is not eternal. Thus we overcome the errors of sinning, mistaken beliefs, which we formerly held to be true.

"If we have conditions of malice, hatred, or revenge to overcome with all their attempts to injure, rob or destroy, we turn to God as Love, the protecting Source of all good. The antidote for hatred is love. If mortals seek to harm or destroy our substance, we must know that God's love protects all His children, and that nothing can harm or destroy that which God has made.

"Let us consider God as Spirit for the present. If God is Spirit, man as the image and likeness of God must be spiritual. You, therefore, known as you really are, and as God knows you, are spiritual. Spirit cannot be destroyed or diseased, for Spirit is substance, and substance is eternal."

"Then my lungs are not diseased?" Mr. Garrett asked.

"No, not the real manifestation that God creates. Human sense sees it wrong, and we need to reverse our human concept and know the manifestation correctly."

"Well, disease seems pretty real."

"Yes, I suppose it does, but that does not make it real, and I can prove it."

"I do indeed hope that you can," replied Mr. Garrett.

After pausing for a moment Louise said: "First of all, I want you to get a copy of 'Science and Health' and read it daily. This, Christian Scientists recommend instead of medicine. If you cannot afford to buy a copy, I will loan you one until you can get one of your own."

"Thank you kindly, Miss Maynard. I think I can do that much myself."

"Come again tomorrow morning," said Louise, rising. "I shall expect to have a good report from you."

"I thank you so much for your help, Miss Maynard; I will surely be here." As he closed the door, Louise stood for a moment in silence, with

her thought raised to God in prayer. "Good is the only power, for God is supreme," she murmured.

John Garrett had been ill for a long time, and had been under the care of the best physicians. The Burbanks were anxious to save him, if possible, as he had been a faithful servant for years; so they had paid his doctors' bills for several months, and had done everything they could for him, until the physicians had given up all hope of his recovery. Raymond Bradley had seen him about the place and, hearing his sad story, sent him to Louise for help.

As Mr. Garrett slowly wended his way homeward, he said to himself: "I, a child of God! Well, that is the first time I ever heard of that, but I suppose it's so, for she says it is, and said she would prove it. By George, I hope she can. She is the clearest-eyed girl I ever saw and I believe she means what she says." Mr. Garrett could hardly wait for the next day to come, and he appeared even before the appointed time.

"Good morning, Mr. Garrett. You are prompt in keeping your appointment."

"Yes, Miss Maynard, I could hardly wait for morning to come. I felt fine yesterday after I

left here, and I slept nearly all night without coughing. I guess you know how to get your prayers answered better than some do."

"We know better how to pray," replied Louise. "Jesus said: 'If I go away, I will send another Comforter. . . . He will guide you into all truth.' This Comforter is the understanding of Christian Science. It causes us to understand God, and man's relation to God. The truth taught in the text book, 'Science and Health,' is the Holy Ghost or Divine Science, the correct knowledge of God. Jesus said: 'Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.' The truth is that man is free now; for 'now are we the sons of God,' as the Scripture declares. And in proportion as we know man as God knows him, we know him to be perfect and harmonious, which means that he is happy and healthy, as he should be. It is humanity's belief in evil that causes us to be sick or sinful or to die. These evil beliefs are thrust upon us by the general belief of the world, and consequently we must work against the general belief of mortals as well as our own belief in evil in order to overcome it. But to be one with God in understanding is to have more power than the whole world of belief that is against us. You will understand this better as you

read 'Science and Health.' Have you procured the book yet?"

"Yes, I got a copy yesterday after I left here."

"That is good. I am glad you have it." Louise then closed her eyes in silent prayer.

After the treatment she told him that he might come at the same hour the next day.

In ten days, Mr. Garrett's cough was entirely overcome. He was rapidly recovering his strength and putting on flesh, and had grown to love and reverence God, which was something entirely new in his experience.

CHAPTER XIII

RIGHT FEELING

“They should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us.”
—Acts 17:27.

ONE day, after Mr. Garrett had left, Louise passed through the living room to go to her own, where she might be alone, when her aunt called her, asking: “Who is that man that you spend an hour a day talking your religion to? He is bad enough off without having this delusion added to his troubles.”

“He has come to have me heal him through my knowledge and love of God, as taught by Christ Jesus, and he has been greatly benefited,” replied Louise. “You certainly would not have me refuse to help a man who has no ray of hope, except as it is given him from God. If you knew that you could help him, would you not try?”

“Well, I hate to see anyone wasting his time with such nonsense. It makes me angry every time I see him here on such a fool’s errand.”

"Auntie, dear, if you did not hold such hard and unkind feelings toward Science and toward everybody, you might not suffer so much with the rheumatism."

"What has that got to do with my knees being stiff?" asked her aunt in amazement, showing ill will at what she regarded as a preposterous statement.

"It has everything to do with it," replied Louise. "Your mental feelings exercise much control over your body. For instance, if you feel sorrow or grief, tears will start in spite of all you can do to prevent. If you feel happy, you smile, and nothing can seem to prevent. If you feel fear, the heart will leap or seem to stand still, and your face will become blanched or flushed. If you feel angry, the liver stops acting and backs its bile into the system, and an attack of indigestion follows. If you feel worried, your face will wrinkle, and if worry is persisted in, you will become constipated, in time throwing all the digestive organs out of order. This means poison and disease. The uric acid in the blood which often produces rheumatism is not eliminated from the system as it should be on account of habitual worry and hatred, or habitual willfulness.

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed her aunt, "that

my rheumatism is the result of anger? I have not been angry with anyone."

"Perhaps not, but you have been filled with hatred many times, and you worry most of the time, in spite of the fact that you call yourself a Christian."

"Why! Louise, how can you speak to your aunt in this manner? I do not hate people unless they do me a wrong and then I am justified in hating them."

"Perhaps you think so, but you cannot afford to feel in any way that is contrary to the nature of God. You must look to Him for the government of your feelings. Ask yourself, Does God worry or feel angry and unkind?"

"Yes, I think He does. The Bible often speaks of 'the wrath of God,' and I believe that there are times when it is one's duty to be angry."

"According to some modern translators, instead of the phrase 'the wrath of God,' we are given the phrase 'the zeal of God,' signifying that the divine nature is opposed to evil, and that when divine Love is reflected in human consciousness, thus assuming a mediatorial character, it is destructive of evil through overcoming evil with good," replied Louise. "God Himself creates no evil and knows none."

"You don't mean to say that God does not see the evil that is going on in the world?"

"Yes, that is exactly what I would say, if I had a chance to explain my meaning."

"I should think you would need to explain it, for I never heard such talk."

"Well, the Bible says that God is of 'purer eyes than to behold evil, and cannot look upon iniquity.' How can a perfectly good God behold things unlike Himself? The divine Mind could not be wholly pure if God beheld evil."

"Why, Louise! I am shocked at your making such irreverent remarks about God."

"These remarks certainly are not as irreverent as to think that God gets angry at and worries about His children, like human beings do. According to His nature, God must feel only good, loving, peaceful and joyful at all times, and we must pattern after Him with our feeling as well as our thinking if we would be healthful and strong."

"Well, I am sure I do not wish to feel in any manner that would displease my Maker," replied Miss Taber, very meekly.

"Then you must feel love all the time. In dealing with your fellow men, look beyond the human mistakes and try to recognize the man that God has cre-

ated in His own likeness, and you will find that likeness manifest more or less in all men, for God is everywhere and so is man in His likeness. Man would not be in God's likeness, if he were not omnipresent. Just try this, Auntie, and see if you do not feel better. And, after a while, your rheumatism will begin to disappear into its native nothingness."

"Well, Louise, I never heard such a theory about healing rheumatism, but it sounds good and I will try it. I would do anything to get rid of it."

"I can help you to overcome it," replied Louise, "if you are willing to learn something of the Science which I have been studying and to follow the instruction which I have already given you. To *feel right* is half of the battle, and to *think right* is the other half."

"Think right! What do you mean? How can anyone learn to think right? No two people think alike."

"Oh, yes they do, if their thinking is based on the divine Principle, God. And no thinking is right, unless it is based on God."

"Well, I would like to find a science that would control my thoughts; for they jump around everywhere that I do not wish to have them."

"All right, Auntie, I have the Key to the Science

that will show you how. Will you promise to study it?"

"I certainly will," replied Miss Taber, with an unusual tone of submission. Louise went in search of her "Science and Health," which she returned with shortly.

Miss Taber took the book rather gingerly from Louise's hand and examined its external appearance with much curiosity. "You mean to say that this little book teaches the Science of right thinking?"

"I certainly do," replied Louise; "and the Science of right feeling, as well."

Then Louise went to her room, leaving her aunt with the precious volume. Miss Taber opened the book, and its contents engaged her attention for several hours before she could seem to get to a stopping place. After retiring that night, she asked God in her own feeble way to be forgiven for her previous unkind feelings toward Christian Science and Louise. In the morning, as she arose, much to her surprise it seemed easier for her to get around, and her heart was filled with gratitude, instead of hatred, as it had formerly been.

When Louise came from her room to breakfast she could see that a change had taken place with her aunt, for she had a calm, peaceful expression

that was unusual for her. "Good morning, Auntie," was Louise's greeting. "Did you rest well last night?"

"Yes, dear, I had a splendid night's rest, and am feeling some better this morning." Then, being reminded of what Louise had said the night before, she checked herself from saying more, lest Louise might think that the Science had wrought the change, which she was still in some doubt about; for some things that Louise had said were not clear to her. But she knew that she felt better.

After the two had finished breakfast, Miss Taber remarked:

"According to what you said last night, I am supposed to love every one; but, my dear, that is impossible. I think I have never told you of an experience in my young womanhood that has embittered my entire life, but I will tell you now.

"When I was about your age I was engaged to a very fine young man whom I loved dearly, and I believed he loved me. But an unprincipled woman, a daughter of a wealthy man who had gained his wealth by questionable methods, broke up our engagement and he married her. Some years after they were married, her father lost all his money in a crooked business deal that also involved his

son-in-law, and left him in disgrace to fight the battle of life with a wife he did not love; so he left her and his whereabouts are unknown. Do you suppose I could ever love that woman? She has made a hell for me all these years, and for her husband as well. I have never told you of the bitterness of feeling I entertained toward her. I rejoiced when I heard that he had left her, and every ill that one could wish another I have wished her. Oh! if I could forget it all! But I am reminded of my lonely life every time I see a happy family. You, dear child, have been my only comfort all these years. I have lived for you." And she sobbed aloud.

This was all new to Louise. She had only seen the embittered expression of her aunt's nature, not knowing the cause. She now leaned forward and took her aunt's hand in her own and said: "I am sorry, Auntie, and surprised that you have kept this sorrow to yourself so long. Perhaps, if you had told me long ago, I might have helped you. Auntie, dear, you cannot afford to feel this way, for you are thus contravening the nature of your Maker, and your own birthright, as the heir of all good, and it reacts against your own health and happiness. What has this experience of twenty years or more

ago to do with your feelings of today? Why should you be suffering and sinning in your own consciousness because someone else committed a sin years ago? Does that give you a right to break God's universal law of harmony? That another has done so does not excuse you. You must get your feelings from God, daily and hourly, if you would be well and happy. No matter what happens in the world of people and things, your feelings should be based on God, knowing that you need feel only love, joy, peace, faith, hope, courage, liberty, all the time, for God is the source of all right feeling. Then, soon you will not feel pain and discomfort from rheumatism and other diseases."

"But how can I forget the injustice this woman has done me, in depriving me of a home and a family of my own all these years?" replied her aunt, with a renewal of the old feeling.

"Auntie, dear, no one can deprive you of anything that is good, for God alone is good, and He is omnipresent and changeless good, and if you have been deprived, you deprived yourself by turning away from the real good, through entertaining hatred and other unloving feeling. Evil is not personal any more than good is. If evil has come to you, it is because you have entertained it.

"Jesus understood this when he said to Simon, after Simon had declared him to be the Son of God: 'Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.' But before that conversation was finished, as recorded in the same chapter, we find Simon tempting Jesus not to allow himself to be put to death at Jerusalem, in order to demonstrate the immortality of life, to which Jesus' reply was: 'Get thee behind me, Satan; thou art an offense unto me; for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men.' The same person may be used as a channel for good or evil, and it is for us to accept or reject the good or the evil that is manifest. See, Auntie, how wrong it is to hold evil thoughts and feelings toward persons; for the evil is not personal, and if we hold evil thoughts, we ourselves have become channels for evil. But if we are loving and kind, good is our reward, for then our reward is with us."

"Well, Louise, I see I have made a mistake all these years in which I might have been happy with you. God supplied my need by sending you to me, but I did not see it right until now." And she threw her arms about Louise as she had never done before.

This was the beginning of a demonstration of divine Truth and Love, which soon resulted in bringing the joy of the Lord, "the peace that passeth understanding," into Miss Taber's life, and, incidentally, she was completely set free from rheumatism.

CHAPTER XIV

THE HOME COMING

SOME weeks later, when John Garrett was working about the Burbank grounds, Raymond Bradley, who had returned with his bride from the wedding trip and was living with the Burbanks in their magnificent home in Brookline, saw John at a little distance running a lawn mower, and called out to him: "Well, Jack, how are you?"

"Fine, Mr. Bradley, fine. That little lady you sent me to is surely a Christian woman, and she knows how to pray so as to get her prayers answered, for I have been getting better every day since I first saw her. I tell you, Mr. Bradley, she is surely an angel, or pretty nigh to it."

"That's good, Jack; stick to Science and you will come out all right." Then as he turned to go, he said: "Tell Miss Maynard, when you see her, that I am much pleased with her successful work for you." Ray walked toward the house in deep thought. Finding his wife on the piazza, he said: "Do you know, Edith, that Jack, the gardener out

here, has been healed through Christian Science treatment? I was astonished to find him looking so well. He was pretty nearly down and out when I saw him last."

"Yes, I believe father said that something had wrought a great change in him, but probably it is the more favorable weather conditions, and when winter comes on he will be worse than ever."

"No, Edith," said Ray, with some manifestation of feeling, "I believe the man is healed."

"I hope so," she replied; "but why should you show such interest?"

"Simply because I am glad to see the man well again. I advised him to go to Miss Maynard for treatment. I am glad she healed him. You remember I met Miss Maynard at the Ellsworths' on the Cape last summer." Then turning toward the door, he said: "I must be going to the office, as it is getting late. Edward will be here with the auto in a minute. Will you ride down to the city with me, dearie?" he asked, as he stepped into the hall to get his coat and hat.

"Not this morning, Ray. I am going down this afternoon to do some shopping, and I will stop for you with the machine after I get my shopping done."

"All right, sweetheart," and he stooped and kissed

her. As the auto sped down the road, he waved back his good-bye until out of sight.

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Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair had also returned from their extended wedding trip, and were getting settled in a beautiful house which Charles had built in a suburban town near the city. Nan spent many days, with her mother's assistance, in furnishing the home. The music room at the left of the entrance engaged Nan's special attention, and it was most artistically arranged. "Art," Nan said to her mother, "appeals largely to feeling. Beauty and music are feminine expressions of mind. They convey direct knowledge through the senses. Science and literature are more the masculine expression of mind, for they appeal to the reason. So we will have the library next to the music room. Really, these two mental activities combine as one in the ultimate, Louise says, but 'on the way there' we seem to see them as separate. It is our duty to get these mental manifestations together and have them harmonize in our own mentalities as much as we can in everything that we do or think. Artists are often eccentric, temperamental, emotionally inclined and are sometimes called cranks. This is because they have allowed the feminine side of their natures to predominate.

Other artists are more normally minded, as they have also cultivated the rational side of their natures. I am speaking from the human standpoint, which I know is but an imperfect counterpart of the divine; but we must translate the human into the spiritual and substitute mind for matter before we can reach the divine. Louise says that we need these symbols only until we grasp the real: then the symbols become a positive hindrance to progress. Beauty is mental. It is constituted and comprehended in Mind first, then brought to human sense through these expressions or symbols of beauty. So also the principle of music is in Mind, and the great musicians have heard more beautiful music in thought than has ever been written, or heard by the human ear. Singing is the most perfect means of combining the two qualities. The music appeals to the feeling, while the words appeal to the intellect. St. Paul says in the fourteenth chapter of First Corinthians: 'I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also: I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.' This expresses the perfect balance of feeling and understanding. The truth expressed in literature is also conceived in Mind, then brought to human comprehension through the imperfect mediums called books,

but when the perfect understanding comes that which is in part is done away. I suppose Louise would say that this is a pretty material application of spiritual ideas, but this is the way it comes to me at present. I suppose, in reality, we cannot apply spiritual statements to anything but Mind and its ideas, but until we gain the spiritual facts, we must improve our thought of the material symbols."

Charlie and Nan were very happy in their new home, and were trying to bring out the balance of mental qualities as best they could, day by day. However poor the results, their ideal of unity was right and they were making progress. But former habits of thought would often assert themselves, and Nan would find herself thinking along old lines. Then she would remember and declare the perfection and completeness of man as God's likeness.

Charlie went to town daily on business, sometimes by train, sometimes in the automobile. One evening he came home and rushed excitedly into the drawing room, tossing a newspaper on the center table beside which Nan was sitting, explaining, as he did so: "I see by the evening paper that Raymond Bradley has met with a serious automobile accident. The chauffeur lost control of the machine, and ran his car into an electric light post while

turning a sharp curve, throwing Ray against a stone wall, injuring him badly and smashing the machine. The chauffeur was not much hurt. It's a bad deal for Ray."

"Isn't that dreadful," said Nan, looking greatly distressed. "I wonder if we can do anything for him? Did the paper say how badly he was injured?"

"No, I believe it stated that it is not known just how badly he is hurt, but it was thought that the injury is probably internal. He was carried to the hospital in an unconscious condition."

"How very sad for his wife to have such a terrible thing happen, and she just a young bride! Is there anything we can do?" asked Nan, with some persistence.

"No, I think not, dearie," he replied.

"Couldn't I call and see Mrs. Bradley," asked Nan.

"Yes, if you like, dear, but there is nothing that we can do."

"If he is very seriously injured Christian Science might save his life; there may be no time to waste."

"That is so, Nan; I had not thought of Science. Suppose we drive over to the Burbanks' this evening?"

"Very well; I will hurry the dinner along, so we can get started as soon as possible," and with this she called the maid, and told her to serve the dinner at once.

Ray had been lying unconscious for several hours in the hospital, when the St. Clairs' auto drove up, bringing Nan and Charles. Not finding Mrs. Bradley at home, they had gone to the hospital to find her. They learned from her that the doctors had said that Ray's skull was fractured, and that there was no chance for him to recover.

"There is one chance for him yet," said Nan to Mrs. Bradley, after being shown to the room in which Raymond lay unconscious, "and that is Christian Science treatment."

"Oh, do you think that his life can be saved?" cried Mrs. Bradley.

"Yes, I am very sure that it can be."

"It was only this morning that Ray was telling me about Jack, our old gardener, being healed of consumption by Christian Science, and I believe he said that Miss Maynard healed him. Can we get her to treat my husband?"

"Yes, Mrs. Bradley, I will telephone her at once, if that is your wish," said Nan.

"Surely, it is my wish if anything can be done."

"It would be better to have your husband taken home as soon as he can be moved," said Nan, "as the whole thought here is against his recovery."

Nan flew to the telephone and called Louise. "Is this Louise?" she said, as some one answered the 'phone. On learning that it was she asked: "Can you come at once to the Franklin Hospital? Raymond Bradley has been injured, and the doctors have said that he cannot live. Mrs. Bradley is willing to try Science, and has asked for you to treat him."

Louise for a moment stood spellbound. Then she said: "Yes, I will go at once."

"We will send our car for you," replied Nan.

As she hurried about, getting on her wraps, the words of Jesus came to Louise: "I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE; HE THAT BELIEVETH IN ME, THOUGH HE WERE DEAD, YET SHALL HE LIVE. AND WHOSOEVER LIVETH AND BELIEVETH IN ME SHALL NEVER DIE. BELIEVEST THOU THIS?" Then she said aloud: "Yes, I believe. Life is eternal, and cannot be lost."

As she hastened down to the waiting car, other words of Jesus kept coming to her mind: "LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS, EVEN UNTO THE END OF THE WORLD." "The Christ, who is the life, is always

with us, and is with Ray this moment," she said. As she entered the hospital Nan met her at the door, and showed her to the room where Raymond Bradley lay, but she did not seem to hear anything that was said, for her whole thought and being was centered on the one idea of God as the life of man. As she saw the unconscious form before her, she declared: "God is the strength of your life, and the Source is infinite." Then she turned her gaze away as one seeing the invisible. For some time she stood thus at the foot of the bed, as if an unseen presence pervaded the place, and no one dared speak or break the silence.

"Please leave me with him alone for a time," she said finally. "I would rather be alone when I pray," she whispered to Nan. So all left the room except the nurse. Two hours passed in silence, but the mental tension was great, for it was a battle between life and death. "Man is the perfect and complete creation of Mind, formed not of matter, but of Spirit, the ever conscious expression of Life and Intelligence, never for a moment unconscious of Life and Mind." Louise repeated this over and over again. "There are no accidents in Mind. Intelligence is not compressed beneath a skull bone. Intelligence is God," she declared

aloud. Just as she said this, the blood began to come from the nostrils of the patient, and slowly he began to gain consciousness. The nurse, somewhat alarmed, flew to the door for the doctor; but by the time she had returned Raymond had opened his eyes, and in a hazy, half-conscious manner, looked up to Louise, and then with a satisfied smile, closed his eyes again. When the doctor entered, Louise said: "The patient is better; he has recovered consciousness."

A strange expression came over the doctor's face, as he saw that this was true. "I guess the fracture was not as serious as I had thought," he said, apologetically. "I hope now that he may recover, but it will be a hard pull." Louise made no response, but in her own heart she knew that Raymond would live. She left the doctor and the nurse with the patient, and went to the office, where she found Mrs. Bradley anxiously waiting for news from her husband. "Mr. Bradley has regained consciousness," Louise stated simply, "and the doctor says he will probably recover. I, of course, do not question it for a moment."

"Oh, Miss Maynard, how grateful I am to you for saving my husband's life," and her head fell

on Louise's shoulder, as she sobbed with tears of joy and relief.

"I think it would be wise to have him removed to his home tomorrow, or as soon as the doctor will give his consent. Keep me informed as to his condition."

"Good night, my dear," said Mrs. Bradley; "may God bless your work," and she kissed her as they parted.

CHAPTER XV

COMPLETE IN HIM

LOUISE found Mr. St. Clair waiting for her in the auto. He had taken Nan home and had come back for her, as it was nearly midnight. She did not talk on the way, as she was trying to realize that life is the expression of God, every moment until she reached home. Going to her room, she laid aside her wraps and turning to a little book of Bible texts, she read these words: "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you, they are Spirit, and they are life." (John 6:63.) "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death. O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction." (Hosea 13:14.)

As she read these passages a clear realization of Life filled her consciousness and she said aloud: "The gift of God is eternal life." "Man, the child of God, is unfallen. No accident has ever touched the life of man, for his life is hid with Christ in God where evil cannot find it." Thus Louise worked

mentally into the hours of the morning. Then with a sense of peace and restful assurance that Ray was safe in God's loving care, she fell asleep. When she awoke a few hours later she telephoned Mrs. Bradley and asked about the patient's condition, and was told that he was much better. "Will the doctor permit him to be taken home today?" asked Louise, and she received reply that he could be moved in a day or two. "Let me know when he is to be taken home," she said. As she hung up the receiver, a sense of calm joy filled her and a flood of new light came to her. It was as though she had entered a new life with a myriad of thoughts. She seemed pregnant with spiritual ideas, so much so that it seemed as though she could not contain them, but wished to send them out into all the world. She recalled and declared to herself these sentences from "Science and Health":* "There is but one creator and one creation. This creation consists of the unfolding of spiritual ideas and their identities which are embraced in the infinite Mind and forever reflected." "As mortals gain more correct views of God and man multitudinous objects of creation, which before were invisible, will become visible. When we realize that Life is Spirit, never in nor of

* "Science and Health," pp. 264, 502.

matter, this understanding will expand into self-completeness, finding all in God, good, and needing no other consciousness." And St. Paul's words also came to her thought: "The invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and God-head!" "Spiritual children are the thoughts and feelings of God," declared the inner voice. "Good thoughts are the sons of God; good feelings are the daughters of God: and these two are perfectly balanced in the generic or God-like man. To reflect from God and entertain such thoughts and feelings must be what is meant by the command in Genesis to 'be fruitful and multiply.' This also explains the meaning of the verses in Isaiah: 'Sing, O barren, thou that didst not bear; break forth into singing, and cry aloud, thou that didst not travail with child: for more are the children of the desolate than the children of the married wife, saith the Lord. . . . For thy Maker is thine husband, the Lord of hosts is his name.' This greater spiritual awakening that has come to me must be the result of the marriage of truth and love in my consciousness, and I am satisfied."

Louise did not go again to the hospital, but she worked mentally almost every moment of her waking

hours. Two days later Mrs. Bradley called by 'phone, saying that her husband was to be taken home at once, and that he wished to see Miss Maynard after his arrival. "We will send our car for you whenever you will come," said Mrs. Bradley.

"I am ready to go at any time," replied Louise. As she hung up the receiver the thought came: "What a splendid reward this experience is for my faithful adherence to the dictates of my conscience and to the inner light! 'The pure in heart shall see God.'"

Two hours later Louise was at the Burbank residence, a magnificent stone mansion, set far back from the street. Mrs. Bradley met her in the lower hall. "I am so glad you could come, as Raymond expressed a great desire to see you. He certainly should be most grateful to you for saving his life."

"We should all be grateful to Christian Science," replied Louise, sincerely.

Mrs. Bradley led the way to Raymond's room, where the patient lay quietly resting. As they entered the room, which was bright and sunny, having four windows looking out over the lawns and gardens below, Raymond turned on his couch to welcome Louise, with a feeble hand outstretched to greet her. A light of joy came into his pallid face,

as he took her hand in his, and held it for some moments, reluctantly letting it go. The silence was unbroken, but she understood that he did not speak because he had no words which were adequate to express his feeling of gratitude. Indeed, the thoughts he entertained were too sacred for other ears to hear.

"I did not expect to meet you under these conditions," he said at last, more to cover his real feeling than for any other purpose. Then turning to his wife, he said: "You know, dear, I met Miss Maynard down on the Cape last summer. I little thought, a year ago, that she would be in the work of healing the sick, and saving life," he added, turning again toward Louise. "The doctor told me it was nothing short of a miracle that I lived."

Mrs. Bradley again expressed her gratitude to Louise, with the deepest of feeling, saying: "There is nothing that we can do that will in any way compensate you, Miss Maynard, for what you have done, and I am sure Mr. Bradley feels his utter inability to express his gratitude, as I do, but I assure you that you will find us true and loyal friends to the Science which you represent." Turning to her husband, she said: "I will leave you with Miss Maynard; she may wish to be alone with

her patient." Then with a gentle pat on her husband's hand, she retired from the room.

Louise divined something of the tumult that was going on in Raymond's mind, something of the new-born gratitude mingled with the old love, which was fanned into fresh fire by this experience, but he said nothing. After drawing her chair close to the couch, she asked if he would like to have her read to him, to which he assented gladly. So she began reading from "Science and Health," which she had brought with her. Her deep sincerity, combined with the power of the words which she was reading, seemed to give him new life and strength, and as she read the meaning of God as Life and power, Mind and Love seemed to grow in his thought. A great sense of peace came to him and he fell asleep. Louise sat quietly, working mentally, and the thoughts came fast and sure of man's relation to God, as that of Mind and its perfect idea. "Every idea of God has its place, and is held in place by Mind; there is no fracture in Mind, or in its idea; no accident can come to the real man, for he is held forever intact, as the compound idea of God."

Following this trend of thought, the words of St. Paul came to her: "Speaking the truth in love, may

we grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ, from whom the whole body is fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth."

"The whole body fitly joined together," she repeated. "Ideas fitly joined together are never severed." She stopped with these words, and her whole soul went out to God, and to man as His likeness.

After sleeping quietly for some little time, Raymond awoke, feeling bright and refreshed. "I feel like a new man since my nap," he said. "It was not very polite of me to go to sleep while you were reading, but it was so soothing to me. It was very dear and kind of you, Miss Maynard, to come to my rescue, after I had seemed to you so unworthy. It is a comfort to know that you prized my life sufficiently to make an effort to save it, even for another."

"I saved your life for the kingdom of heaven's sake," replied Louise, simply.

"I am feeling so much better, I believe I could get dressed and sit up awhile."

"You may if you like. God is your strength, and the source is infinite," and so saying Louise arose, and bidding Raymond good-bye went in search of

Mrs. Bradley. "If Mr. Bradley wishes to sit up awhile, it will be perfectly safe." Then turning to go she said: "I will come again tomorrow."

Mrs. Bradley found Raymond dressing when she entered the room. "Why, Raymond, you are dressing?" she asked in astonishment.

"Yes; I presume you do not approve, my dear, but I feel perfectly able to sit up, for a while at least."

"Well, I do not think that the nurse would allow it."

"The nurse be darned," replied Raymond. "This is not the nurse's game. I am under Miss Maynard's instructions, and that which saved my life will carry me through safely."

"I am glad you have such confidence in her, but do not be foolish about it; use common sense."

"Yes, dear, I will. There is no better common sense than for a man to get up if he feels perfectly able."

"After Raymond was comfortably seated in a large arm chair near the window, the nurse came in and, finding him dressed, was much alarmed, and expressed her fear for him in very emphatic language.

"You need have no fear," he said quietly. "The

knowledge of God which saved my life will take care of me now." After a few more words of doubt, she left the room.

"I wish that you would get rid of that nurse; I do not believe that I will need her care any longer," he said to his wife. "She would make a man sick in bed and keep him there with such talk."

"We will see how you are by tomorrow, before saying anything to her about leaving."

The following morning, Raymond arose early and had his breakfast in his room, and then dressed, so as to prove his ability to get along without the nurse; also to show Louise the results of her work. When she came, he was seated at the window, and he arose to greet her. "Good morning, Miss Maynard," he said, extending his hand. "You will no doubt be glad to see me about again. After you left yesterday, I arose and dressed, and have been up much of the time since."

"I am indeed rejoiced to find you feeling so strong. It is the greatest joy of my life to see the power of God made manifest in human experience."

"We are most grateful to you, Miss Maynard," said Mrs. Bradley. "What you have done for Mr. Bradley is nothing short of a miracle."

"It is a miracle to mortal sense," replied Louise, "but divinely natural, that man should manifest life and health and strength and goodness."

The maid appeared at the door at that moment saying that Mrs. Bradley was wanted below. When Raymond found himself alone with Louise, he drew a chair near by and asked her to be seated; then said: "After you left yesterday I fell to thinking over the accident and my wonderful recovery and your wonderful influence. What is it that has given you such power?"

"It is no power of my own, but the power of God which we reflect if we understand God. To know God is eternal life, Jesus said, and we overcome death in proportion to our knowledge of God."

"Something has wrought a great change in you, Louise. I would still like to call you by the old name; for you have become more dear and near to me through this experience, but in a very different way. I seem now to reverence you, and to love you more as I would love God, in a sacred way. I love you now in a way that I would desire to be like you, and to be able to do the things you do—not with a desire to possess or own you, but with a desire to give you to God, that you might have more power. I am just beginning to understand

the meaning of love. Do you know, Louise, I used to think that something would bring us together again? But this is such a different meeting from any I could possibly have imagined. I believed that you were my soul-mate, but I see now that there is no soul-mate for man but God, and in this I am satisfied. I had rebelled, poor fool that I was, that you would not consent to be mine, but I can see that if you are wholly given to God, you can belong to no one but Him. Is that not true?"

A great sense of joy filled Louise's heart as she heard these words, for he spoke so truly, and seemed to understand her inmost thought, motive and feeling, and this recognition from him was full payment for all that she had suffered and overcome. "Yes, you understand," she replied, deeply moved.

"I have not been very happy of late," he said with some hesitancy. "This I would not say to anyone else, but I know you understand my feeling on the subject already. But I believe that I see new light on the meaning of your conversation with me down on the Cape, on individual completeness. I believe that this new sense of love which has come to me since I have been healed will help me to solve this difficulty."

"I am sure it will," declared Louise. "Every-

one must find his satisfaction in God. He alone supplies all good, and we can find no abiding satisfaction in any human thing. This new sense of love that you speak of is the unselfish love, which has a divine origin. Human love is selfish and seeks its own, while divine love gives and never asks aught in return. You expressed it beautifully when you spoke of the love that would give the object of its love to God."

Raymond sat quietly thinking for a few moments, then said: "Yes, I am willing to give you to God and will not knowingly hinder your progress in any way. Mrs. Eddy must have been a marvel in her spiritual perception to have discerned the real facts of life, which are contrary to sense testimony, and to have given this revelation to the world, so that it has enabled you to save my life when there was no hope of my recovery by human means. I would like to get this little book that you read from, 'Science and Health,' and make a study of it. I owe it to you and to myself; and I promise you that I will consecrate my life, which has been so wonderfully saved, to God, and try to prove my gratitude by living nearer to the one Source of Life and good."

Tears filled Louise's eyes as she listened to Ray's

words of gratitude and acknowledgment of what the application of Truth had done for him. She felt now that her work was finished, and finished well; that she could leave him to rely upon God for himself and that he would work out his salvation better in this way; that her personality in his problem from this time on would be a hindrance rather than a help.

"I do not believe that you will need any more treatment," she said as she rose to go. "Of course, I may come again as a friend."

"I hope you will, Louise, for, as you must know, I prize your friendship very deeply. I am everlastingly indebted to you, and I shall try to make my future worthy of your efforts." And his eyes filled with tears as he took her hand and bade her good-bye.

As Louise walked down the broad stone stairs to the car, which was awaiting her at the door, she said within herself: "No human possession, no material pleasure, no earthly thing, could give me the peace and joy that is mine this moment." It was a peace and power that passes human understanding, and her heart went out to God in thanksgiving, as she pondered the purport of this experience. "If all my sacrifices and efforts to overcome were summed

up together and set over against this one experience of joy, I would say it were sufficient payment for a lifetime of sacrifice"; and she turned her tear-filled eyes to heaven in silence, as the car sped on toward her home, and her thought turned to God in a prayer which impressed itself indelibly upon her memory: "Father-Mother God, of whom I am the reflection, keep Thy child in the consciousness of this individual completeness. I am 'COMPLETE IN HIM which is the head of all principality and power.'"

EPILOGUE

EACH individuality dwells in a temple of thought, and to this temple are many doors. Truth and love are the dwellers within this thought temple, wedded in purity.

"In this divinely united spiritual consciousness, male and female are no longer two wedded individuals, but two individual natures in one."—"Science and Health," page 577.

In proportion as we keep the doors of this temple closed to error, do we realize our unlimited possibilities.

Many tempters are knocking at the doors without, but our own thought stands porter within. That error knocks is no sin, but the sin lies in our admitting the intruders who seek to destroy the unity of the inmates.

Perchance, our gaze is turned toward the world through a sense of worldly love, and we forget that, without beginning and before the world was, man was wedded and complete in the infinite Mind.

Admitting intruding thoughts into our temple, we are separating the divinely united spiritual conscious-

ness, and this separation darkens our thought and intoxicates the porter, who admits other intruders who come to tempt us.

Let us turn our gaze from sense to Soul, lest the beasts or false prophets who come as wolves in sheep's clothing tempt us away from our happy home and destroy its sanctity.

If we overcome these temptations, and keep our doors closed, what is our reward? "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in His throne." (Rev. 3:21.)

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